

The Rambler.

A JOURNAL OF

HOME AND FOREIGN LITERATURE, POLITICS, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 8.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1848.

PRICE 4d.
Stamped Edition, 5d.

Contents.

	PAGE
THE POPE, THE QUEEN, AND THE NUNCIO	129
COLLEGES FOR THE PEOPLE	131
THE PALACE AT WESTMINSTER	132
ITALIAN POLITICS	132
SCENES IN LONDON: The Lost and Found	132
CONTEMPORARY BIOGRAPHY: Lacordaire (concluded)	134
CONTINENTAL SKETCHES: The last Roman Festival	138
Greek Poetry: Epitaph on Dr. Buckland	139
REVIEWS: Archdeacon Hare's Life of Sterling	139
Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors	142
Dr. Benisch's Two Lectures on the Life and Writings of Maimonides	145
Serial Publications	146
FINE ARTS: The British Institution	146
Art-Manufactures	147
DOCUMENTS: Bill for Diplomatic Relations with Rome	147
The New Sardinian Constitution	148
Proclamation at Rome	148
MISCELLANIES: Popular Colleges—Protestant Rayahs—The Christchurch Chancel-Screen—Mortality in the Metropo- lis—A Sanitary Fact from Egypt, &c.	149
CORRESPONDENCE: Letter from Professor Demmler	152
TO CORRESPONDENTS: "C. D."	152

THE POPE, THE QUEEN, AND THE NUNCIO.

THERE are three aspects under which the question of our diplomatic relations with Rome will be regarded by every man who has his eyes wide open. He will view it as a question between the Court of the Vatican and the Court of St. James's, between the Pope and his spiritual subjects, and between the secular power of Great Britain and Ireland and a certain portion of the people under its sway. Viewed under the first aspect of these three, it is a question between one European state and another; under the second, it is concerned with the religious well-being of a very important body of Englishmen and Scotchmen, and the vast majority of Irishmen; under the third, it affects every class of the community of these isles, and is connected in the closest possible degree with the general relations between the civil and the spiritual powers. We shall say a word or two on each of these points.

A great statesman, now no more, was wont to declare, that of all the European powers, England and Rome were pre-eminently natural allies. Strange sentiment this, in the ears of John Bull; yet Cardinal Consalvi knew more of the real state of Europe than all the foreign correspondents of all the daily papers put together, to say nothing of the hired contributors who sit at home and dogmatise on all the state-secrets of all the foreign cabinets. Consalvi, we believe, when he spoke these words, uttered as certain a truth as when he foretold, in 1815, that the Duke of Wellington was the man who in the end would carry Catholic Emancipation. He formed his opinion on this great fact, that it is ever the interest of Rome and of England to preserve peace. Fearful as is the curse of war to every kingdom upon earth, it smites these two states with tenfold miseries. In other nations, it may be long before the sufferings from national bloodshedding can penetrate to the heart of the people, and agitate the kingdom to its lowest foundations. But in Rome, as in

England, the first cannon-shot that is fired in a continental war re-echoes through every home; there is not a cottage or a palace which does not reverberate with the direful sound. Not till blood flows in unceasing streams, and the plundered exchequer can yield no treasure more; not till flames and carnage are spread over country fields and through city streets; do the other great nations of Europe *feel* what war is, so keenly as the English and the Papal States.

The cause of it is this: both nations are, by the very laws of their being, dependent for prosperity upon a free intercourse with the rest of the world. Rome must send forth her spiritual, England her commercial servants. There is a never-ebbing flow of communication between the Vatican and the whole world besides; and where is the ocean or the river on which the British flag does not now float in peaceful folds? Unfettered, perpetual commerce, the one in spiritual things, the other in secular, is the very life-blood of the two states. Whatsoever interferes with this, is like an injury of the heart in the physical system. It strikes not only at our well-being; it strikes at our very life itself.

Bitter, therefore, for the fate of Europe, was the day when the last Nuncio left the shores of Britain. Accursed was that delusion that separated for three centuries those who had been true friends and brothers, notwithstanding all the contests that had at times sprung up between Kings and Popes on their respective privileges. And right joyfully and thankfully shall we welcome the hour when we see the last of that preposterous remnant of days of cruelty and ignorance which now forbids the Queen of England to treat, as a Queen, with the greatest Prince of his age. For years past, indeed, the old hatred which forbade the very name of a Papal Nuncio to be uttered in parliament or in public, has degenerated into a kind of ridiculous, diplomatic prudery. Since George the Fourth actually subscribed to the erection of a monument to the last of the Stuarts in Rome, people have opened their eyes to the fact, that Catholics are men and women like the rest of the world; and travelling Britons have sought for presentation at the Vatican court without any fear for the stability of their beloved constitution at home. Nevertheless, the nonsensical coquetting has been kept up until this very session of parliament; and until the present ministry had the courage to act like men of sense and common charity, there has not been found a statesman bold enough to lift up his hand to tear away this last rag of national masquerading. So far, then, as the imperial kingdom and the states of the Church are concerned, we hail the coming interchange of ambassadors with unmingled joy.

The second point of view from which we must contemplate this new state of things, presents a far more delicate and difficult complication of affairs. We start at the very thought of the interference of politicians in the spiritual affairs of the Church of God. The very possibility that the same intrigues from which the Catholic Church has unquestionably suffered in other

countries, should be introduced amongst us, and that the unholy trickeries of mere men of the world should stay the operations of the government set up by the Almighty for the salvation of souls, is enough to bid the most sanguine fear, and retard the steps of the most headlong. Were it likely, then, that the mission of Lord Minto to Rome, and the measure introduced by Lord Lansdowne into the House of Lords, should issue in the slightest interruption of the confidential intercourse between the Pope and the British and Irish Catholics, there is not an earthly consideration which we could for a moment place in the scale against so glaring a mischief to our highest interests. It is hard enough, as it is, to administer the government of such a gigantic body as the Catholic Church throughout the world; and small an integral portion as is its English and Irish branch, the utmost skill, delicacy, and decision are at times imperatively demanded for conducting its affairs for the real good of all. What, then, would be our lot, if to the natural difficulties which beset the Church, simply through the fact that she is composed of fallible and imperfect beings, should be added all the perplexities and abominations of backstairs intrigues, and political chicanery; if we should be afflicted with the presence of a host of invisible meddlers, thwarting the bold and upright, calumniating the most orthodox and spiritual, bribing the carnal-minded and hypocritical, and striving to sever the natural bonds of love which ought to unite every order of men in the Church, for the unhallowed purpose of turning the divisions and errors of her children into weapons to do the bidding of the secular power, and of the prince of the darkness of this world? Miserable as has been the political condition of Catholicism in England for three centuries past, it would be a mournful day indeed when it exchanged the frown of man for his smile, if that smile were but a cunning device to draw its attention from the gilded fetters which a false friend was silently binding upon its limbs.

That such a disastrous termination of the present negotiations is really inevitable, we do not for a moment believe. Pius the Ninth is not a man, with all his love for England, and his admiration for rational political liberty, to be hoodwinked by an envoy, or entrapped into a forgetfulness of his duties as protector of the children of Almighty God. Nor can we willingly believe that there exists any intention thus to deceive His Holiness, and those whose spiritual ruler he is. Of Lord Minto's personal character we know literally nothing. We have not the shadow of a reason for believing that he is not an honest, straightforward, conscientious man, who will do his own duty firmly, without seeking to make other men forget theirs. Nor has any thing transpired to create suspicion of our home-government's intentions or desires. All, hitherto, has been open and fair; and until the ministry shew themselves to be anxious to take us in, we rejoice to trust them. Of course, they believe that the state will be a gainer by the new intercourse; and probably they hardly know how far it will be a gainer, and in what particular modes the new state of things will work, both on the Catholic Church, and on the English state; and, so far, they cannot have made up their minds as to *what* they hope to gain.

Nevertheless, if our humble voice could raise itself in the council-chamber, we would, with every conceivable urgency, implore them never to swerve for a moment from the most open and honest course in every thing they may undertake in this negotiation. Deceit, intrigue, a plotting to obtain an unholy influence in the spiritual concerns of the Church, will most assuredly

bring in the end a terrible retribution on those who may contrive it. In a moment the whole affair may be blown up; and the awakening confidence of the Catholic body in the really trustworthy character of the negotiators will be scattered to the winds. Whatsoever is done, let it be done on the principles of the most rigorous justice. Whatever may be thought of it, people are not so difficult to please, when once they believe they are dealing with friends, or at least with upright men. If Lord John Russell, and other statesmen, have but determined to steer clear of any thought of *taking the Church in*, preliminary difficulties will speedily be got over; mutual concessions, when involving no principles, will easily be arranged; and all classes in the country, with the exception of a few blatant bulls, will rejoice that a question which has hitherto frightened the most courageous of politicians, has been found after all so wonderfully easy of solution in practice.

But we must turn to the third point, in which the subject bears upon the interests of us all. It is impossible not to see that the renewal of political intercourse between Queen Victoria and Pius the Ninth will at once involve many and many a negotiation between the English government and the Catholic Church of Great Britain and Ireland. It were childish to dream that the matter can stop with an interchange of ambassadors and diplomatic notes. Formally, or not formally, we are on the eve of what will be practically a *concordat* between England and Rome. It may be more or less extensive in its range; the unborn future alone can consummate its full consequences; but, so surely as the first Papal Nuncio is presented at St. James's, so surely will the Catholic Church in these realms be compelled to *come to terms* with Queen, Lords, and Commons. We shall only indicate two or three of the kind of subjects which *must* claim arrangement within a very short space of time.

First, the whole affairs of Catholic temporalities must be set on a permanent footing, so that the Church and the State shall not clash in their separate jurisdictions. Every thing that touches property and social standing must be brought under consideration, and the interests of the two parties preserved. The stone and mortar edifices of the Catholic churches and chapels—(would that they were all of stone and mortar!); the endowments of places of worship and education; the effects of the exercise of spiritual authority, discipline, and excommunication; the disposition of legacies and charitable trusts; the education of the poor and of the rich of all classes; *every thing* in which the operation of religion can touch the secular condition of men, must by degrees be brought forward, discussed, and arranged.

Again; there can be no doubt in the world that the political conduct of the Catholic bishops and clergy, and still more, those very rare cases in which ecclesiastical persons are guilty of actual offences against the laws of God and man, will assume an importance in the eye of the state, greater than they now possess; and that the state will claim a right to be heard in protestation or condemnation whenever she deems herself offended. The very notion of the exercise of any thing like a *veto* in spiritual appointments may be scouted by all parties, but nevertheless the secular authority will demand the power of accusing before his own tribunal every man that may make himself obnoxious or intolerable to the ruling powers of the day. We may kick as we will against this new feature in our condition, but so sure as Rome is Rome, and England is England, it is utterly inevitable.

And again; such affairs as the grand blunder of the

Irish Colleges will never occur, with a right understanding between the Vatican and the imperial Government. Had there been any thing like a decent measure of communication and confidence between our ministry and the Propaganda, it is monstrous to suppose that such a scheme would have been proposed without consulting both the Irish hierarchy and the Pontiff himself. The rash experiment would never have been tried; nor would Sir Robert Inglis, for the first time in his life, have suggested so happy a title, that all the world instantly took it up and used it as their own. Mankind would indeed have lost the spectacle of a herd of newspapers assaulting the Pope for not sanctioning a scheme for Ireland which they themselves had denounced for England. But, save this misfortune, all would have gone well; heartburnings would have been saved, many tongues would have been silent, and many thousands would have been receiving that education which now seems almost indefinitely postponed.

Yet once more; there is a consequence of this new relation between the Church and the State, whose importance we cannot find words to paint. Looking as we do around us on the condition of high and low, of the wealthy and the pauperised, we shudder to look forward to our future destinies. We tremble on the brink of a precipice, and know not when our foot may falter, and we be plunged into the abyss. He Who rules the surges of the ocean and of the ocean-like multitudes who swarm in our towns and cities, alone can say when the day of England's crisis will appear, and when the mortal conflict between the two extremes of society will shake our empire to its foundations. Every day the eyes of the wise men of all political parties are opening to the consequences of our present overwrought social system. Every day that horrible word "PAUPERISM" unveils somewhat of its terrible significance to those who look below the surface on which the common spectator fixes his dull, unpiercing vision. Yet none has his remedy; none can do more than suggest a possible means to save us; none can do more than hope amidst his fears. Men trust only that the day may be postponed, or that when it is upon us in its fury, some new, unknown power may step upon the scene, control the raging elements, and hush the storm.

Oh, then, that England could but know the unspeakable importance to her welfare of an honest, Christian, good understanding with the great Catholic multitude whom she cherishes in her ample bosom! Oh, that, opening their eyes to the fearful struggles between rich and poor which must speedily convulse our whole nation, and the terrible conflict which will rage amongst us when the innumerable masses of our half-pauperised mechanics shall attain political power, our statesmen would but believe the protestations of English Catholics, and give them credit for that hearty loyalty which burns in their bosoms, and call in the power of that co-operation in saving the nation in its hour of peril which they alone can give! Could the English Government once come to such friendly and confidential terms of intercourse with the earthly head of the Catholic Church as should insure a cordial confidence in the recognition of our rights as Englishmen, and in our real independence of all secular interference with our spiritual affairs, the Imperial Kingdom would have secured to herself a friend in her coming trials, such as she could find in no other section of her millions of subjects. The Catholic Church alone *can* be the saviour of the State. Perhaps it might not please Divine Providence to permit even her to uphold the tottering social system. But yet, if

she cannot do it, none other can. She asks no union with the State; she asks no peculiar support on her behalf from the arm of the world; she wants no privileges that are not given to all alike, whether Jews, Christians, or Infidels; she wants no recognition of her doctrines; she prays only to be treated, not as a lying deceiver, as a plotter against kings and governments, as a perjured breaker of oaths, as a systematic adviser of crime, but as conscientious, honest, and sincere. She claims only that justice which every man owes his brother; to be allowed to develop freely her own resources; to cultivate her moral and intellectual powers; to do her own work in her own way; and when she has prepared herself for the conflict, to enter, in the name of God and of our common humanity, into the battle-field of social disorganisation, and bind together in one common bond of law, and patriotism, and love, those countless crowds who are now every day becoming more terrible for their numbers, more destitute in their circumstances, and more reckless in their hearts. She would displace none; she would thwart none; she would affront none. She stands not upon her ancient lineage alone; she recalls not her ancient heroes, nor points to the greatest of England's worthies who of yore did homage to her name, as giving her any right to exclusive privileges, or monopolies of honour, wealth, and power; she knows her own weakness, nor courts again the possession of those abundant treasures which, in a degree, were the cause of her fall from her former place in these realms; she only knows her spiritual energies, and the spell with which she can tame the proud spirits of the world, and bid them yield a willing obedience to the powers of order, loyalty, and peace. She is conscious that she has that within her which can make all men equal, without levelling the distinctions between one man and another, which can pierce with a dart of love to the heart of the most stubborn rebel against the tyranny of the great and powerful; and bind and cement, when all else tends to disruption, decay, and death. Whether she shall exercise her magic sway for the safety of our well-loved country, or continue to hide her talents buried in the earth, depends now, in no little measure, on the principles on which we enter upon an alliance with the Pontiff who now sits on the throne of Rome.

COLLEGES FOR THE PEOPLE.

IN another part of this day's RAMBLER will be found a few paragraphs from a paper in the *Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review*, on the momentous question of the condition of the great body of English operatives, and on a remarkable effort made by the Rev. R. S. Bayley for the advancement of popular education. The article from which we make the extracts is well worth perusing entire, and we would recommend it to all our readers who are yet unaware of the overwhelming power, for good or for evil, which is rapidly accumulating in the hands of our giant multitudes. We who live in the more decent ranks of society are, for the most part, as unconscious of the frightful mass of sin, ignorance, and morbid energy which is gathered together beneath us, as a child afloat in a fragile bark upon the ocean is heedless of the unfathomable depths from which a few planks alone divide him. There is but one tale told by all who know the poor *as they are*. The policeman, the medical attendant, the relieving officer, the Catholic clergyman, whose callings bring them into some of the darkest haunts of the lowest places in life, unite with one voice to proclaim the

accelerating progress of the elements of social disorganisation in that vast portion of mankind, whose existence is scarcely recognised by the rich and the few.

We have not space now to enter more fully into the subject, but we shall take every opportunity that may occur for calling attention to the truth, as it really is, and employ every device for stimulating the unwilling attention, and fastening it upon a topic at once so painful and so appalling. On one point, more particularly, which is just hinted at by the writer in the Review before us,—the effect of amusements, and especially of *Sunday* amusements, on the well-being of every class,—we shall before long venture a few words. In the mean time, we can only thank Mr. Bayley for shewing what can be done, by a vigorous and determined man, with the most hopeless materials.

THE PALACE AT WESTMINSTER.

If we may judge by certain recent demonstrations in the House of Commons, John Bull is up and growling about the most creditable piece of work, in the way of art, which he has accomplished for centuries. The new Houses of Parliament are so long in coming to actual use, that the nation of shopkeepers is beginning to think it has paid too dearly for its whistle. The enormous mass of stone which rests on the river-bank, will look like an expensive toy in the eyes of calculating men, until the scaffolding is all gone, and the collected wisdom of the nation has found its dwelling-place amidst the gorgeous walls. Mr. Barry will be tormented and chastised, and Lord Morpeth and the Woods and Forests will be plagued to death, by country gentlemen and city geniuses, so long as the ventilating experiments continue, and Dr. Reid blows hot and cold with his vapours and his boilers, as if he sought to embody in wind the spirit of political party and legislative consistency.

For ourselves, we shall feel it a national disgrace if any great hubbub or outcry is got up against the new Legislative Palace at Westminster. We do not pretend to call the gigantic edifice a perfect thing, or say that it is not open to some severe criticism. There is no denying that there is a fatal defect in its original conception; that the architect commenced his design with the exterior, as if he were planning a Roman building, instead of forming a grand idea of the actual uses of the edifice, and leaving it to taste and skill to dispose harmoniously of the vast features which he would thus have called into life. Nevertheless, it is a superb and noble structure, with all its external deficiency. It is worthy of the people who raised it, and of the glorious sentiments of civil liberty which are imperishably associated with the site on which it stands. The charter of England's liberty has been fought for too often in the courts of Westminster, and beneath that wondrous roof, to allow the spot to admit of any but the most inspiring thoughts, when we look back upon its annals and its scenes. And we are confident that there exists not one building from north to south in our island, reared since the Reformation, which can for a moment claim to rival this work of the nineteenth century.

Here and there, fair criticism will expose a fault: here we may lament that a decoration is unsuccessful; there we may desiderate a better fresco or statue. But on the whole, we would challenge Europe to produce an edifice of the present day which can be put into the scales with this great constitutional palace. It is a real genuine work of art and science; without shams, or trickery, or charlatanry; and as such, its fame will outlive even the names of its most zealous detractors.

ITALIAN POLITICS.

IN our documents of this day will be found one of the most important state-papers which our age has yet seen. The King of Sardinia's "Constitution," now guaranteed to his subjects, is, without a shadow of doubt, the most onward step in the march of political liberty which has yet been ventured upon in the Italian peninsula. If the articles in this new *Magna Charta* be acted on cordially, honestly, and vigorously, not so much in the bare letter as in their living spirit, the monarchy of Charles Albert will claim to rank side by side with that of Queen Victoria, and a true personal liberty will gladden the hearts of the millions who are his subjects, in comparison with which the liberty of the old Italian republics was but a name. With a parliament having the right of actually *making* all laws, and in which no taxes can originate except with the elective chamber, and with judges appointed for life,—Sardinia needs only a judicious modification of the English trial by jury to be for ever a free and noble kingdom.

May it please Divine Providence that this great and noble experiment may prosper, to the utmost wishes of its most ardent advocates! We cannot too earnestly give utterance to our own hopes that the Sovereign, who has been gifted with the nobleness of heart to yield up his powers as an absolute king in exchange for the restraints of a constitutional monarch, may find his reward in the increased stability of his throne, in the advancing prosperity of all his people; and, more than all, in seeing the divine power of true religion leavening the hearts of every class of men in his fair land, and destroying that which has been hitherto the one shameful blot upon the cause of Italian reform,—its connexion with a class of men who neither fear God nor love the faith of Christians.

Scenes in London.

THE LOST AND FOUND.

(Concluded from page 109.)

3. *The Crisis.*

SHORTLY after the Socialist lecture to which I went with Williams, I was called by business out of town, and remained for some months, so that I lost sight of him altogether; though the last scene in which I had been with him had so indelibly impressed his image on my memory, that oftentimes I could not help recurring to what had passed, and wondering whether his eyes were yet opened to his delusions. Soon after I got back to London, I was sitting one evening about ten o'clock in my room, enjoying the warm breath of a summer's night, and watching the quiet lights in the heavens. The hum of the streets was almost hushed; and I was turning to a subject of thought to which it is ever my greatest delight to recur, and which has never failed to exercise a most powerfully soothing influence on my feelings. Agitated, tossed to and fro, buffeted by the surging waves of actual life, and tormented by the frightful facts of sin and suffering that I see around me, I have always experienced a singular pleasure in thinking on the sublime truth, that, in the midst of all this apparent discord and anarchy, the omnipotent will of the Almighty is never for one moment counteracted. Whether He wills to permit, or wills to accomplish, all is absolutely subservient to His eternal pleasure. The daily course of the giant sun, the ebbings and flowings of the boundless ocean,—every thing that is most stable and most mighty in operation,—is but a feeble image of that infinite spiritual Power, in whose hands the constellation and the grain of sand, the archangel and the worm, are alike powerless and obedient.

In this thought I have often sought and found a *repose* that nothing else could give. It gives me rest; it gives me peace; it satisfies my yearnings to behold some-

thing in creation that fulfils its will and its end, unmo-
lested and unresisted. Watching the stars, as I sat on
the night I am speaking of, and beholding in their
silent course (whether real or apparent) through a
boundless space, an image of the irresistible force of the
Divine will, I could not help wondering as I looked out
on the vast wilderness of London houses, in what miser-
able scenes of impotent rebellion my poor acquaintance
was now involved; and I planned a speedy visit to the
lodging-house in Whitechapel, where he told me that
he lived.

Just then, a loud knocking at the street-door below
startled me from my reverie; and a servant, running up
stairs, told me that a boy was below, bringing a mes-
sage from a person called Williams, who was anxious
to see me. The child could give no very definite ac-
count as to what was the matter; all he said was,
that his mother had sent him to say that Williams was
very ill, and could not rest unless I would come to
speak with him.

Of course, I could not think of delaying the visit;
though I hardly liked the idea of going to this strange
dismal neighbourhood so late at night. However, I
went, guided by the little messenger. From him I
learnt a few particulars about Williams. I found that
he was unquestionably grievously poor, and was deeply
in debt to his landlady, the boy's mother; that he was
honest, but was getting more and more miserable every
day. The child said his mother was always wondering
how Williams lived; for he never seemed to buy any
thing to eat and drink; and she knew for a certainty
that he had pawned his clothes so far that he had hardly
a rag left to keep him decent. "Then," said the boy,
"he's so mortal proud, he'll never ask mother for any
thing; he doesn't seem to mind work; but he wouldn't
beg, for the life of him; and the people do say, he'll die
for want of seeing the doctor, and of something to eat
and drink."

This prepared me for the state in which I found
Williams himself. His lodging was the back attic of a
small house in a narrow street. A low truckle-bed was
almost its only furniture. He was in the dark until I
came; but the landlady, when she had shewn me up
stairs, left her own candle on the table in the garret;
and the light revealed to me the most mournful sight I
ever saw. On the bed, not undressed, but in the thin
worn-out fustian jacket and trousers, which seemed al-
most his only clothes, lay the *victim*; for if ever there
was a victim of mental torture, that one was George
Williams. Pale and thin to a frightful degree, sallow
in colour, sullen in expression, even in his manifest suf-
fering, he lay on one side, supporting his head on his
hand, not breathing a sound, except a low half-sup-
pressed occasional sigh, which he seemed not to have
the power to restrain. When his eyes caught mine, he
buried his face in his hands; and a slight convulsive
motion of his figure shewed that some violent internal
strife was going on. In a few moments he was calmer,
and said faintly:

"Thank you, sir; I was sure you would come."

"You seem very ill, Williams," I said; "what is
the matter? what has happened? what have you been
doing since I saw you last?"

"Nothing," said he; "I have done nothing. I *can*
do nothing: I am trodden under foot; and now I die."

"Trodden under foot!" I replied; "by whom? Who
is your enemy? who has hurt you?"

"Sir," he answered me, rising from his pillow, and
resting his head on his hand, "have you forgotten the
night you were last with me? Are those bitter truths
you then heard gone clean from *your* mind also? Do
you ask me *who* has trodden on me? I ask you who
has *not* done it? Thousands, tens of thousands," he
cried, with rising energy,—"every one that is above me
has trodden on me. They spurn me; they scorn me;
they starve me, and I am dying. But will I yield?
will I crouch? will I lick the hand that strikes me?
will I beg in the streets to the proud gentry that walk
along in their haughtiness? Never! never! rather let
me die," he added, as, exhausted by the excitement, he
fell back once more in the bed.

I said nothing; but sat watching him for a few
minutes.

At length he raised himself again, and said, in a
somewhat subdued tone, "Sir, I have neither eaten
bread, nor tasted any thing but water, for two whole
days and nights."

"Nothing?" I rejoined.

"Nothing," he added; "but no one knows it. I
could not beg; I had rather die, as I soon shall. I
could only tell my story to you; but even now I could
not bring myself to *ask* even you for bread to save my
life."

This, of course, was no subject for arguing upon just
then; therefore, telling him that I would be back in a
minute or two, I groped my way down stairs, discovered
the woman that kept the house, and begged her to go
out and get something for Williams to eat, urging her
by saying that he was literally dying with starvation.
Wine I knew could not be got in that neighbourhood,
such as would be fit for an exhausted system to receive;
so I contented myself with getting the woman to make
him a cup of her own tea, and persuaded him to drink
it, when he had eaten a little. When he had taken
something, he became apparently a trifle calmer and
more natural. I did not venture again on the subject
of his opinions; but seeing his eyes still restless and full
of disturbed light, I put my hand to his wrist, and at
once saw, from his pulse, that he was in imminent
danger of violent fever. He lay still on his bed,
though an uneasy motion of the head, and a short half
sigh, half complaint, revealed the nervous excitement
of his whole system. After asking one or two trifling
questions, I told him he was plainly very ill, and I
should certainly not leave him till he had promised to
see the medical man whom it was my intention to send
him as soon as I went away. Half reluctantly he con-
sented; and I left the room, and desired the landlady
not to go to bed till the doctor came. Feeling that no
time was to be lost, and knowing nothing of the apothec-
aries of the part of London I was then in, I threw my-
self into the first cab I met, and drove to the house of
my own medical attendant, and despatched him at once
to Williams.

When I went the next morning, I found that the
poor creature had been delirious all through the night,
and so violent that two or three men had been called in
to hold him down. The landlady, Mrs. Gibson, assured
me that he had terrified them with the awful language
of his ravings. What he had meant she could hardly
tell; but it was manifest that he had poured forth a tide
of the most frightful theories of socialism and unbelief,
not unmingled with cries of revolting grossness. Towards
morning, exhausted with his efforts and struggles, he
had sunk to sleep, and Mr. H., the doctor, had reported
that no serious fever would now follow, and that care
and food would bring him round again by degrees.

4. The Recovery.

When I entered the low-roofed miserable chamber,
Williams was still slumbering; uneasily, indeed, yet still
without waking. I sat down and thought on his true
and deep misery, and prayed that a divine influence
might soften the heart that had opened itself so fatally
to its deadliest foes. The streets around were now full
of noise and bustle, and all that unmelodious hum which
rises up in unceasing vibration from the heart of Lon-
don sounded steadily and solemnly in my ears. I gazed
on the face of the unhappy man as he lay there, one of
the undoubted victims of that world, of which he was
an insignificant fraction. Forgotten, unknown, unbe-
friended, there he lay, body and mind for a while in
uneasy rest, worn out by the contest of fierce passions
and hideous falsehoods in his bosom, to wake, per-
haps, only to suffer again from the same horrible delu-
sions, to struggle on a few weeks or months longer, and
then to depart *for ever*. Oh, how the thought of that
"*for ever*" then smote upon my soul! How vainly my
eye strove to penetrate the dim obscure beyond the
grave, and to learn how far the temptations and circum-
stances of Williams' life would be held to mitigate the
actual guilt that lay upon him. I could not bear to con-
template the alternatives I beheld, and betook myself
to silent praying that all might yet be well.

By and by he turned restlessly for a few seconds in
the bed, and then opened his eyes. In a moment, I

perceived that *some* change had taken place. The pupil of the eye was no longer gleaming with that unhealthy light, which is the sure token of terrible disorder, either in body or in mind. On the contrary, his look was now heavy, and, except when he spoke to me, or listened to what I said, somewhat cold and lifeless.

When well awake, he drew a heavy sigh, passed his hands over his brow, and gave tokens of an inclination to shed tears. But this was momentary. He looked me in the face, and sighed again.

"Do you feel better, Williams?" I said at length.

He quietly said he thought so, and said no more, but watched me steadily for a few minutes.

I asked him why he looked at me so stedfastly.

"I was thinking of many years ago, sir, when first I saw you at the coach-door, and hurt your face. You are not changed, but what am I? You are—I know not what; but I—I am lost." And he buried his face in his hands, and shed tears. I let him weep on till he was calm again. It struck me that if I could get him to give me any thing like a consecutive account of his personal history, I might be able to find out the hidden cause of his fall from what had plainly been an honest and reputable course of life.

"Yes," I therefore replied, "I remember it all well, and how you took the little accident to heart. Did you get your livelihood then by selling scissors and knives to travellers?"

"I did, sir," said he; "but it was not long after the day I was so unlucky as to wound you that I first began to go down in life."

Here Mrs. Gibson came into the room with some breakfast, which I made Williams eat, without waiting to finish his story. He revived decidedly when he had satisfied his hunger and thirst, though he took but little; and then, after several unsuccessful efforts, I got out of him what I was convinced was the real origin of all his miseries and errors. He had cheated one of his customers in dealing, and having been till then a scrupulously honest person, was overwhelmed with shame, but not with as much sorrow as shame. I found that he had at that time been a Catholic, regular and earnest in all his duties; but that from the hour when he had been guilty of this piece of dishonesty, every thing religious had been rapidly laid aside. He told me that he had not been able to bring himself to make known *in confession* the sin he had fallen into. His old good name for honesty, and his real, sincere disgust with himself for his roguery, had unhappily wrought on him precisely in the wrong way. He could not bring himself to the shame of confessing his delinquency, and therefore he never went near the clergyman who had acted as his spiritual guide. This naturally led to further neglects; he left off first his own morning and evening prayers; then he ceased public worship; then he sought exciting company; then he fell in with the Socialists, neglected his trade, grew slovenly in his dress, embraced the doctrines of his new companions, fell ill through want of proper nourishment, and when he had a little money spent it in spirits, in order to stimulate his overwrought nerves, when they sank depressed in the solitude of his room. Matters of course had only got worse and worse; and when he sent for me, he had pawned nearly all his clothes, and would soon literally have died for want.

All this I got from him by many efforts, and in a fragmentary way. Sometimes he would start off from the subject in vexation; sometimes he was irritated; sometimes he upbraided himself; sometimes he defended the opinions he had come to embrace. Nevertheless, I saw there was now certainly a last chance of bringing him to his senses. Perceiving the still scrupulous love for honesty that he retained, I pressed him urgently on his own personal faults, where he himself admitted them. After a while he seemed to feel that he had played false to the world, before the world had turned against him. His bodily weakness, now for a time not accompanied by nervous agitation, had tamed his proud spirit, and I felt only anxious to get him to look facts full in the face, and *habituate* himself to better ideas, before returning strength brought back returning energy and self-dependence. With all my efforts, I could, however, get from him no sign of acquiescence in the truth

and virtue of the Christian religion, nor any expression of true contrition, except that he allowed me to say that I should take care a clergyman came to see him. He even told me the name of the Catholic priest who had formerly been his spiritual guide.

To this good man I went, as soon as I could get away. He remembered Williams, and had often wondered what had become of him. Overwhelmed with his ministerial duties, and almost sinking under the burden, he had necessarily been unable to do more than make a few inquiries of those who were acquainted with the knife-seller. Now, however, he lost no time in going to the sick-chamber, and to his hands I gladly consigned the work I felt myself unequal to manage.

What passed between him and Williams I never knew. I felt a delicacy in pressing the subject on either of them, and they evidently rather avoided than courted the disclosure. All I learnt, when my own occupations allowed me about ten days afterwards to call on the Rev. Mr. —, was, that he had been with Williams every day through the week after I had brought them together, and that at length all was well. Mr. — himself, I discerned, had been most powerfully affected by something that had passed; and I have little doubt that he had acquired a knowledge of the state of a class of society in the metropolis, of which hitherto even his experience had given him but little idea. Deeply as he had hitherto felt for the outcasts of society, I saw that his pity was even more tender than before. He saw the deceitfulness, the plausibilities, and the thoroughly diabolical nature of many of the influences which surround the class of mechanics and labourers in such awfully vivid colours, that while he clung more and more joyfully to the peace and faith of his own bosom, he was more than ever disposed to make allowances for the falls of those who are *below the eye of the world*.

I myself also became more than ever convinced of the power of recovery that exists in those who seem the most degraded and hardened, if there is left but a regard for one solitary virtue, or the remains of one good feeling. The uprightness of Williams' mind, distorted, perverted, and abused as it was, was the lever with which truth finally overthrew the whole monstrous weight of vice and error which was crushing him to the dust.

When he had recovered his health, he gradually got on a little in the world, and now is possessed of a small bookseller's shop in Goodman's Fields, where he sells cheap books and periodicals; and is one of the few dealers who keeps nothing that is contrary to morality, decency, and religion. A.

Contemporary Biography.

LACORDAIRE.

[Concluded from p. 113.]

VII. REVIVAL OF THE FRIARS PREACHERS IN FRANCE.

THE Abbé Lacordaire was now a second time on his way to Rome, no longer as a suppliant on his trial, but as "a child of grace and benediction." Not but what there was a remnant of distrust surviving in the minds of some. The impetuosity of the preacher, the subjects for which he shewed a predilection, the audacity with which he extemporised, and sometimes even the incredible want of accuracy in some of his expressions, inspired the best men with apprehensions which were not always groundless. Old resentments and rivalries, suspicions and dissatisfactions arising out of political differences, found also their account in criticising the native faults of a zeal still perhaps insufficiently matured and regulated. The eloquence and originality of the orator none could deny; they disputed with more shew of reason his theological science.

He went, then, to study at Rome. But he was not drawn thither solely by the desire of deeper theological studies; already he felt within him presentiments of the monastic life. He had had at Rome a near view of those religious orders long lost to France, so deplorably swept away, torn up by the roots from its soil, as in a whirlwind, by the spirit of ignorance or of cupidity. He had observed that from their bosom there ceased not to go forth men the most eminent in theology, in

preaching, in teaching, and as occupants of the Papal chair itself. When once his talent appeared to have found its true vocation, viz. preaching, he would not have it to be merely an ornament of his life, but a duty and a mission.

Whilst this idea was ripening in his mind, he returned to France, in compliance with an episcopal request, and preached during five whole months in the cathedral of Metz. The great orator was listened to with the same attention by the young men of the military school at Metz, as he had been by their compeers at Paris. His course was like one long ovation.

If any doubts could have still lingered in the minds of Catholics with respect to certain strange or rash notions entertained by the Abbé Lacordaire, or the reality and completeness of his submission to the opinion of the universal Church, they would have been entirely dissipated on the appearance of the "Letter on the Holy See," which, though written at the close of 1836, was not published till 1838. Never had more magnificent words been spoken of that Rome, "whither all nations have resorted, and glorious names have thronged, whither all cultivated minds have made a pilgrimage, at least in desire; the tomb of martyrs and apostles, the congress of all recollections,—Rome!" Never had pencil painted in warmer colours that Roman *campagna*, "which spreads like a broad eagle's nest, the remains of more than one extinct volcano, a solitude stern and vast, a savanna without shade." Never had pen described with livelier stroke and more picturesque effect, Italy's predestined place on the world's map. Never had tongue summed up with a more majestic simplicity, or illustrated with an originality more piquant, the history of the Roman pontificate, from St. Peter to the seventh Pius. Never, in fine, had glance of truer penetration looked into the future destinies of Christian Rome, and justified with more discernment her charitable caution amidst the various kingdoms of the earth, amidst the stormy passions of each age and the fury of opposing factions, the distractions of a thousand contrary opinions and clashing interests, the contentions of restless spirits and national prejudices.

From Metz the Abbé Lacordaire returned to Rome, to enter as a novice into a convent of Dominicans. Having devoted his life to God and to the preaching of the divine word, it seemed to him that the monastic life, to which he was binding himself, was but the natural complement of his career and of his anterior views. For a long time he had nourished a secret inclination for an active religious life, as that which corresponded with the twofold disposition of his mind, the contemplative and the active, and would serve to divide it, so to say, between solitude and the world. This inclination was still more confirmed during the prolonged stay which he made at Rome in the Dominican convent of the Minerva where the general of the order resides. The rule of the "Friars Preachers" suited him so naturally, that it might be said to have been made on purpose for him. This rule possessed, besides, another merit, another attraction in his eyes; it comprised the directions, few in number, plain, mild, and simple in character, which had been prescribed for certain Christians living in community by St. Augustin, his favourite author. It left him time for prayer and study, and the solitude which he loved, as well as liberty to go forth to announce to the world the name of God. He was convinced, moreover, that Christianity, at the present day, as ever, cannot accomplish all its destinies without the aid of the religious orders, and that the seminaries and parish-churches are not capable of providing alone for the needs of religion in its theological and missionary departments.

In the profound conviction of the excellence and utility of the object he had in view, he addressed himself freely and openly to the good sense and feeling of his countrymen, in the "Memorial for the re-establishment in France of the order of Friars Preachers." He demanded justice in the face of modern prejudice, with a lofty eloquence, in which the prudent firmness of the Christian equalled the graceful energy of the language. He demanded "that liberty which is synonymous with justice," as though in recollection of the Socratic dialogue on "Liberty," which he composed as a student in

1822. He passed in review and explained the three monastic vows, so misunderstood and calumniated, poverty, chastity, and obedience. He pointed out the benefits of the religious and conventual life, "those holy republics, those peaceful fortresses, erected in the solitude, which the world discerns from afar; like those castles which the traveller passing along the plain catches a glimpse of on the mountain-heights." The liberal and elective constitutions of the Dominican order were at the same time commended with a noble confidence.

By the precedents of history, as well as by the necessities of the present time, he shewed what services these holy houses of prayer, and study, and heavenly learning, had rendered to the world; and what need there was of them at the present day. His eulogies commenced with the great founder of the order of Friars Preachers, St. Dominic, the most illustrious, together with St. Francis of Assisium, of the reformers of the religious life of the thirteenth century. He ventured to speak of the Inquisition, and took occasion to shew that the worst faults, and those most commonly charged against it, did not date from the thirteenth century, but from the epoch at which the absolute monarchs of Spain turned it to their purpose as a political engine. In fine, he made it appear, contrary to the popular error, that the order of St. Dominic had not that exclusive influence in the Inquisition which was generally attributed to it; but that kings, popes, bishops, all the religious orders, all institutions, all beliefs, all the men of past times, were equally responsible for the faults or the benefits of the Inquisition; which was not to be judged by the habits of the present age, nor by those doctrines of absolute liberty of conscience and religious worship, of which we have scarcely seen the full fruits.

The Memorial attracted attention, but escaped attack. Much interest was excited by that part of the work which treated of the great men, the saints, the popes, the bishops, the compassionate missionaries, such as Las Casas, the artists, the learned doctors, the celebrated preachers, which the order of St. Dominic had produced; thereby renewing the wondrous project of St. Bernard, bestowing upon the Church a new form of militia, and uniting together the life of the cloister and the life of the world, the monk and the priest. Men admired especially the rapid but masterly strokes which sufficed the author for painting to the life St. Dominic, the father of the order, and St. Thomas Aquinas, its most eminent doctor,—that prodigy of the thirteenth century, whom the Church and science will never cease to venerate; and of whom the Abbé Lacordaire had already commenced the study with an interest which was ever to continue. Neither were they less struck by the force and the keenness, sometimes amounting to irony, with which the future Dominican replied to the objections of the age, publishing aloud that the monastic orders were emphatically beneficent and popular orders. Nor could he refrain on this occasion from bestowing a remembrance of regret upon his old master: "the most remarkable ecclesiastic which the Church of France has produced since Bossuet ran to meet the spirit of the nation; if he has fallen, it is far less from having overpassed the mark, than for having failed to understand all the justice that was done to him."

This was not all. In the convents of Rome this new son of St. Dominic had learnt thoroughly the history of his spiritual ancestor. He undertook as a duty to write a life of his holy patriarch, "readable in French." "That life is very simple, very beautiful; but very difficult to write." The book has been very generally read among the Catholics of France. It was composed, like the Memorial, either at the convent of the Minerva, or at that of the Quercia near Viterbo, or at that of Santa Sabina on the Aventine hill, among which he divided his noviciate; but it did not appear till 1841.

Having left France with two companions on the 7th of March, 1839, the same year in which the Memorial was published, the Abbé Lacordaire immediately entered upon his noviciate at the Minerva. On the 12th of April, 1840, he pronounced his vows at the Quercia, taking, at his monastic reception, the prenomens of

Dominic and the name of Father Lacordaire, which was henceforth to belong to him.

The great merit as well as the great difficulty in a work like that of the *Life of St. Dominic* was to unite the tender mellowing grace and sweet unction of a holy legend with the more severe and masculine touch of the historian. This double quality was combined in a high degree in the skill with which Father Lacordaire hit off, with an exquisite tone of colouring, the delicate shades of transition between the miraculous portions of the saint's life, and its merely social and historical side. In this work he entered still further into the constitutions of the Friars Preachers; and sketched with amazing rapidity and great circumstantiality the original rise of the society; of which France alone had all the honour, and its first development. He triumphantly exonerates his hero from the bloody part which is commonly attributed to him in the war with the Albigenses. That war is itself reduced to its true proportions and proper character; and the rude but heroic figure of Simon de Montfort is represented in the simple colours of the pious barbarism of the age.* The account of the battle of Muret is a masterpiece of historical narration. One feels, too, that the writer lingers with affection over that beautiful and miraculous scene, the meeting at Rome between the two great founders, St. Dominic and St. Francis of Assisium. He recurs once again, and with more triumphant details, to the real part which belongs to St. Dominic and his companions in the controverted history of the Inquisition.

But if he finds a greater delight in repeating the marvellous events of those ages of faith, and the great things to which the times of Innocent III. gave birth, there is nothing more exquisite, after the legend of St. Dominic and some of his saintly companions, to whom he used to recommend "always to speak of God or with God," than the description of the interior of a Dominican monastery. It was, perhaps, on reading this passage that M. de Chateaubriand, that celebrated writer, pronounced his eulogy on the "felicity" of expression for which Lacordaire was distinguished, remarking that in the *Life of St. Dominic* there were "some of the most beautiful pages in the modern literature of France."

After having thus with a feeling eloquence paid his tribute to the memory of St. Dominic, Father Lacordaire went to revisit the France which he loved so well, and to which every thing helped to recal him. Perhaps we have not sufficiently reflected how many sacrifices it cost him to put into execution the dearest and deepest thought of his heart. To impose upon himself in succession so many long and voluntary banishments; to go and bury himself, amid all the exciting interests of life, in the obscurity of Italian convents; suddenly to interrupt, by the strictest retirement, and that for the space of several years, the progress of a fame already flattering, and every day increasing,—he must have received from God an exceeding energy of will. So much devotion met with its deserved reward. He gathered from his frequent and prolonged sojournings at Rome something of that melancholy gravity which seasonably tempers the fire of imagination, and takes from the feelings and the opinions of a man whatever there is in them of too much vivacity and individuality. The mind of Father Lacordaire was now full ripened by many trials. But every heart, I do not say of large, but of moderate capacity, which has lived and meditated among the ruins of Rome, necessarily bears away with it—even if it be not Christian—a certain calmness and elevation, which are akin to the impartiality of Christian philosophy. What, then, must be the result, when it is a Chris-

* In using the above expression we wish not to be misunderstood. It would be doing injustice to the age of which we are speaking, and would also convey a very defective view of the character of Simon de Montfort, to refer his faults to the times in which he lived. He certainly presents a phenomenon, capable of being realised only in those ages of exalted faith; viz. the intimate combination of heroic zeal for religion with strong personal ambition. Simon de Montfort's religion was undoubtedly sincere; but his ambition was real and deep-rooted, and his temper severe and unsparing. Hence faults, which, exhibited in the present day, would be referred to the ambitious man, as seen in such strange conjunction are attributed to the Christian hero.

The Abbé Jager, in the admirable lectures which are in course of delivery and publication in France, has provided us with ample materials for forming an impartial judgment on the character of Simon de Montfort and the other chief actors in the Albigensian war. We hope on some future occasion to lay before our readers the results of the Abbé's researches.

tian soul which goes to meditate over the double tomb of the Cæsars and the Apostles?

Father Lacordaire himself made allusion doubtless to these slow but sure transformations of the human mind, which detract nothing from its vigour and generosity, while they serve to moderate its enthusiastic fancies, when he said in the preface to the *Life of St. Dominic*: "The years pass quick; when we meet again in the camps of Israel and of France, we shall be none of us the worse for having grown a little older, and Providence, no doubt, will have also advanced in its work."

On returning to France he had the pleasure of finding in the learned Bishop—the writer and eminent theologian—who had succeeded M. de Quélen on the archiepiscopal throne of Paris, one to whom he was bound by the ties of long esteem and affection. He could not have been better consoled for the loss of M. de Quélen.

VIII. THE DOMINICAN MONK.

On the 14th of February, 1841, the white woollen robe of the Dominican exhibited itself, or rather, we should say, reappeared in the pulpit of Notre Dame. He preached there only once. This first and solitary discourse of Father Lacordaire produced lively but various impressions upon his audience. The woollen robe, the shaven crown, the tonsure of the monk, the scapulary, and the whole livery of austere poverty so long unknown to modern France, were a sight to astonish an assembly eager after novelties, and unused to offer its admiration to eloquence and goodness under such a form. Something of fear, something of animosity, some disposition at least to old prejudices was re-awakened.

The orator had chosen his subject well. He spoke of his "country," as if his memory still lingered on that early production of his enthusiastic youth. But now he spoke of the Christian's double country, the heavenly and the earthly. He shewed from history, that the love we bear the first of these countries is so far from interfering with and prejudicing the love we bear the latter, that these two feelings mutually foster, honour, and glorify each other. He taught his hearers to love their country with a double love, as Frenchmen and as Christians. Having rapidly described to them the part which the Church of France had taken in all the great contests in which the faith had been assailed, he exclaimed with the enthusiasm of a true patriot: "Arianism defeated, Mahometanism defeated, Protestantism defeated, a throne secured to the Papal power, behold the four crowns of France, crowns which shall never fade throughout eternity."

But he confronted and attacked boldly and powerfully the scoffing irreligion of the eighteenth century: "Hitherto when men assailed religion, they assailed it as a serious thing; the eighteenth century assailed it by laughing at it. The laugh passed from the philosophers to the courtiers, from the academies to the saloons. It reached the very steps of the throne; it was to be seen on the lips of the priest; it took its place at the sanctuary of the domestic hearth, amidst the mother and her children. And at what, then, great God!—at what were they all laughing? They were laughing at Jesus Christ, and at the Gospel!"

At the same time, with that courage which talent both gives and strengthens, he loudly called attention to the good produced in France by religious associations, in foreign missions, in instructing the children of the poor, in the industrial education of the labouring classes, in prisons, in hospitals, in all the asylums of suffering and misery, and prophetically displayed before the eyes of his audience the revival of the monastic spirit in all its forms, "bringing back to France the manifold spirit of self-sacrifice, prayer, theological science, preaching, the contemplative and the active life, the example of voluntary poverty, the blessings of religious community. And this very day," he continued, "in the face of this assembly, which listens to me, and is not amazed at what it sees, appears, without temerity and without fear, the secular frock of St. Dominic."

With the freedom of his priestly office, and the national pride of a Frenchman, anxious to claim all glories for his country, he thus summed up the picture of the most shameful days of France: "France had betrayed its history and its mission; God might have left her to

perish, like so many other nations fallen by their own sin from their high destiny; but He would not. He resolved to save her by an atonement as splendid as her crimes had been great. Royalty was degraded; God restored to it its majesty, He raised it upon the scaffold. The nobility was degraded; God restored to it its dignity, He raised it up in exile. The clergy were degraded; God restored to them the respect and admiration of the people, He raised them again in spoliation, in misery, and in death. The fortune of France was degraded; God restored to it its fame, He raised it again on the field of battle. The Papacy had been lowered in the eyes of the nations; God restored to it its halo of glory, He raised it up by the hands of France. One day the doors of this cathedral were thrown open; a soldier appeared upon the threshold, surrounded with generals, and followed by twenty victories. Whither comes he? He enters. He slowly traverses this nave; he goes up towards the sanctuary; behold him before yon altar! What comes he hither to do, this child of a generation which laughed at Christ? He comes to prostrate himself at the feet of the Vicar of Christ, and to beg him to bless his hands, that the sceptre may not be too heavy for him to bear by the side of the sword; he comes to bow his warrior head before the old man of the Vatican, and confess to all the world that glory without religion suffices not to consecrate an emperor.*

Truths so severe, uttered in such a style, could not but stir men's minds, and affect them in many different ways. Some lively wits accused the orator of "having turned the history of France into sermons," wondering much, and even affecting to be shocked, that in the Christian pulpit notice should be taken of the annals and the glory of "the most Christian kingdom;" while they never dreamed of shewing any sort of surprise that the Catholic tribune—and that in times more religious and scrupulous than the present—should have consecrated its choicest accents to funeral orations, descanting on the life and vindicating the character of some king, or minister, or great captain, or princess, or ordinary man!

At first only two young Frenchmen had pronounced their religious vows together with Lacordaire; but a little colony of twelve other youths were now waiting for him at Rome, before entering upon their noviciate. Thither he returned, then, to see and encourage them. But letters from several of the French Bishops followed him even to Rome, begging for their dioceses the benefit of hearing the new child of St. Dominic, whose fame was spread abroad. At Bourdeaux, a city whose inhabitants have a character for unusual ardour and impressibility of nature, he preached during the whole winter of 1842, and gained a sort of religious triumph, the memory of which still survives. In the winter of 1843 he preached at Nancy with his usual brilliancy, and that town also shared the grace that accompanied his words; nor did he leave it until he had laid the foundations of a humble infant community of his order. When he could escape from his labours of preaching, it was to hurry to Bosco, a Piedmontese convent near Alexandria, where he was providing for the monastic education of several of his novices, who had been transferred thither from Rome. In 1843, at the call of the Archbishop of Paris, he ascended again that pulpit of Notre Dame, where he has so much distinguished himself. In 1844, he preached the Lent sermons at Grenoble. It was in the August of the same year that he preached the funeral sermon of M. de Forbin Janson, Bishop of Nancy and Toul, who had been driven from his diocese by the revolution of 1830. This was no easy task in the very town that had rejected and disowned him. But such was the ability and dexterity which the orator displayed in this embarrassing position—so wonderfully did he combine a bold freedom with a wise discretion, that he compelled a whole population, hostile to the very moment before, to admire the life and virtues of a prelate whom it had itself obstinately and systematically banished from its walls. In 1845, he was heard

by the people of Lyons, which is esteemed not only the second city in France, but its second Catholic capital; and the sensation he produced was so extraordinary, that, in this exclusively mercantile city, men no longer talked of any thing but Father Lacordaire and the railways. In 1846, he excited the interest and admiration of the people of Strasbourg, the very frontier-town of Protestantism; and in the spring of last year he preached to the population of Liege.

Of so many discourses which he scattered over the fairest provinces of France—discourses not committed to writing, nor collected in any form, but of which there survives a deep recollection in the hearts of those who heard them—we can give no regular account. But it is commonly understood that these *itinerant* productions, as we may call them, constitute, perhaps unknown to the author himself, and are progressively realising a portion of that contemplated work which he is intending to devote to an *Apology for Catholicism*. These scattered leaves he collects and arranges in the pulpit of Notre Dame; and ultimately, we hope, ere he terminates his apostolical career, he will complete the noble work which has formed the subject of his long meditations.

We shall but allude to the charity-sermons, which are foreign to his usual style of preaching, but which he is ready to deliver on every needful occasion, loving, as he does, all the good works of religion, in whatever form they present themselves. Whether he would excite the rich to give, or move sinners to repent;—whether he addresses himself to a confraternity of workmen, or is pleased to speak a few simple and gracious words in some village-church;—whether he tarries on his way to preach at Dijon, which is like his native town, or at Beaune, which is the residence of one of his early friends, or in the church of Notre Dame de Brou at Bourg, summoned thither by one of the oldest and most venerable Bishops of France;—whether he converses familiarly with an assembly of young men in some private circle of Catholic society;—every where he cannot fail to leave some traces of his startling powers, so original, so varied, so active, adapting themselves to every varying circumstance of time and place. Every where he cannot fail to leave behind him something which marks the immense superiority of the man, even when the occasion ill suits a nature so grave and solemn, which for its full manifestation demands a spacious temple and a chosen audience.

But in the interval of these apostolical journeys, and after having preached at the capital of Dauphiny, he resolved to build or to seek a new retreat for the Dominican order upon those mountains, with which his voice seemed to harmonise so well, and where the inhabitants, by a rare and happy combination, preserve a deep feeling for religion, joined with much acuteness of mind and stern political opinions.

It is at Chalais, some leagues from Grenoble and from Grande Chartreuse, and at some thousand feet above the level of the sea, that Father Lacordaire fixed, with the consent of Rome and of the general of the order, his house of noviciate. Chalais is a rude, old building, which, in the twelfth century, in the year 1110, was devoted to the use of some reformed Benedictines, patronised by the princes of Dauphiny. For 500 years it had belonged to the Grande Chartreuse, which converted it into an infirmary for its superannuated members. Confiscated in 1791, and sold by government—the fate of all religious houses in France—it was purchased in 1844 of its last possessor, who scarcely knew what to do with it, by a simple monk, a poor Burgundian, whose name and habit are barely tolerated in his own country; and this humble spot is henceforward destined, perhaps, to become the centre of an important religious movement.

"Oh, that all could see," says an eye-witness, "this modest retreat of Chalais, hidden amidst its high mountains from the hatreds, the jealousies, the ambitions of earth, and from the evil humours of the world's clever politicians! Oh, that they could visit this monastic home, at once so ancient and so young, with no other protection than the friendliness of the neighbouring population, bound to it both by piety and by a well-understood regard for their own interests; and that

* In a note to his funeral oration on the Bishop of Nancy, Lacordaire observes: "Napoleon, without doubt, committed great crimes against religion and against public liberty; but a Catholic cannot forget that he delivered France from chaos, signed the Concordat, had himself consecrated by the Pope, and died in the arms of the Church."

they had clambered through the tall firs, over the rocks and rugged paths, which the rain and the torrents have channelled out, up to this steep retreat, which some have even already scaled, the religious led thither in the spirit of pilgrims, the people of the world out of vain curiosity!

"No one can form an idea of this *resuscitated* mansion, so to call it, who has not beheld its poor inmates studying, praying, chanting, fasting, pacing together up and down like brothers; or watched them, with countenances as serene as their own mountain-air, and hearts as cheerful as the smile upon their lips, passing to and fro along the long cold corridors, paved with large ill-hewn stones; or busied in their rude courtyards and homely herb-garden, or walking in the mountainous waste that surrounds the monastery and the long shady avenue that leads into the forest. He should have followed with his eyes these brothers making, as it were, their daily pilgrimage along the winding pathways of a small fir-wood, which is all that is left of a vast domain, and toiling to the top of a high eminence, surmounted by a large cross of wood, whence, as from some aerial promontory, the view that bursts upon the sight is like enchantment, and the eye, ranging over all below, plunges down into the double valley of the Drake and Isère. He should have seen them on some Thursday, when the whole fraternity go out on a general excursion, appearing and disappearing in the distance at every turn of the woods and mountains, and easily distinguishable by their long white Alpine staffs and their white robes, thus strengthening their health and constitutions for sedentary study by brisk and rapid walks of six hours long.

"He should have marked also the religious building itself, in which there is nothing to distract the thoughts, no vestige of luxury, no architectural embellishment; where the eye has nothing to divert it but a fine large dog, a few hens, a little herd of cows, a little field of barley or oats, the noise of a few farm-servants, and the domestic labours of the young lay-brothers. He should have slept in those narrow cells, white and bare, where not a trace is found of the comforts or the niceties of the world; where the beds consist of planks of unplanned fir, with nothing for a mattress but some dry maize-leaves, on which the brothers lie, all dressed as they are, enveloped in their woollen coverings, to be ready with more punctuality and ease to rise in the night and break off their sleep, that they may go every morning at three o'clock and chant in the chapel the praises of the Lord. He should have remarked their perpetual abstinence from all nourishing and succulent food, their frugal repast in the common refectory, their hours of recreation as innocent as those of children. In fine, he should have heard them at the fall of day chanting the 'Salve Regina' in tones of deepest fervour, in their ancient chapel, the only part of their whole dwelling where a glimpse of human art is suffered to be seen. This chapel dates from the foundation of the monastery, and possesses all the characteristics of the age to which it belongs,—that is to say, the age of transition from the Roman to the Gothic. During the summer-days which we spent there, there was scarcely an evening in which the rolling of the thunder and the glare of the lightning did not shake the windows of the chapel, and light them up with a fitful flame, adding solemnly to the effect produced upon our minds by the sight of these young men, one while standing, one while kneeling, raising their thoughts and their voices to God above the mountain-tops.

"This simple, ancient place,—this antique chapel,—affected us more deeply, and brought back more powerfully the memory of former days, than did the sight of those vast edifices, regular as tents in an encampment, which the hand of the seventeenth century had given to the Grande Chartreuse. At the Grande Chartreuse we especially admired the melancholy old monastic cemetery, where, the better to preserve Christian humility and equality, there were nothing but crosses of stone, and tombs without a name. We admired also the beautiful old Gothic cloisters, which have survived the prosaic mediocrity of modern taste. But at Chalais every thing was interesting to us, from its old, dismantled look, and the harmony between its

original simplicity and its present poverty and nakedness. It seemed to us that there had been no interruption between the Dominican rule of the thirteenth and that of the nineteenth century. We were never weary of contemplating 'these men of so early a maturity, in whom penance and youth had blended to produce a shade of beauty unknown to the world;' preparing themselves, by the constant exercise of their moral strength—by a perpetual victory over themselves—by a life of self-sacrifice, privation, and religious study and contemplation,—to present to the world examples of goodness, eloquence, and compassionate charity."

In the course of the last year, Father Lacordaire revisited Rome; and on his return, communicated his impressions on the state of Italy and the destinies of Pius IX. to the editor of the *Spectateur de Dijon*. We give the concluding sentence of his letter: "For my part, I cannot believe that so glorious a movement will have a disastrous issue. God is there. All Italy, with some exceptional shades, is under the same powerful charm. Pius IX. reigns from one end of the peninsula to the other. Such things proceed not from man alone. Jesus Christ has been pleased to manifest thus once what a Christian revolution is; and He could not give to nations and to kings a more salutary example."

In a future number we shall give some account of the plan and subject of the celebrated *Conferences*.

Continental Sketches.

THE LAST ROMAN FESTIVAL.

Rome, February 1848.

WE have just had what will be called hereafter a very remarkable incident. The Neapolitan Constitution having been given by the King of the Two Sicilies, the Senate of Rome put forth a paper, headed "Il Senato al Popolo Romano," requesting a general illumination on the 3d of this month. As illumination and its accompaniments are part of the business of life in this place, there was no doubt how this request would be met. Accordingly, holes were dug in the usual places in the streets for posts, on the top of which the vessels of oil are placed; and all day hangings were displayed from windows and in front of houses. The illumination at night was exceedingly fine. The Villa de' Medici, now called the Royal Academy of France, blazed over the Piazza di Spagna. Even the Trinità de' Monti Convent was lighted up. But the Corso displayed, as usual, the greatest variety and quantity of lights; and in it was a spectacle which attracted the attention of all who were out of their houses that night. It was upon the wall of the Casino dei Commercianti. In the centre of a huge medallion of silk or stuff of yellow and white, disposed in rays, was placed, on a bracket or ledge, a large bust of the Pope, with small candelabra on each side. Immediately above the bust was this inscription, of which, and of those which will here follow it, I made copies with my own hand on the spot:

IO VICARIO DI CRISTO
HO RIAPERTO AI POPOLI
IL LIBRO DI AMORE
E I POPOLI VI HANNO LETTO
RISURREZIONE.

On the right hand of the Pope's bust was this:

GLORIA A TE PALERMO
INVILTA SEMPRE ITALIANA
TU HAI SCRITTO CON SALVA CIFRA
SULLA NOSTRA CORONA SALVA
GUAI A CHI LA TOCCA.

On the left hand:

DIO E POPOLO
SIANO LA BANDIERA DEI RE
CONCORDIA ED ARMI
E LA ITALIA E FORTE
COME IL LEONE DI GIUDA.

Below the bust:

UNA STRISCIA DI PURISSIMA LUCE
SINO ALLE ALPI VA DELLA TERRA DEL SOLE
E DAL SOLE SCALDATA
FU SEMPRE DI MESSI FECONDA
E SARA SEMPRE LA TERRA D' ITALIA.

These inscriptions were upon some sort of stuff, and were illuminated by lights placed behind them. They

remained during the next day, and I then copied them. There was a very great crowd, but quite orderly. The tricolor was almost universally worn, even by the regular troops. The civic guard, of course, wore it very conspicuously. A large body of the civic guard were coming along the Corso, when a fine-looking dragoon stepped out of a little party of dragoons with whom he was walking in the opposite direction, and shook hands with a great number in succession as they passed him. There was, after I left the Corso, a great procession to the Capitol, where, I am told, sundry persons, kneeling around the statue of Marcus Aurelius in the Campidoglio, vowed fidelity to their Patria. Some of the more ardent spirits, I have also heard on good authority, were not disinclined to petition the Pope at once for "a Constitution." But the Pope had forbidden the approach of any procession to the Quirinal. And so the celebration of the new Neapolitan Constitution ended with great *éclat* and tranquillity.

In the mean time the Consulta di Stato and the Municipio are both actively engaged, and great hopes are entertained of the results of their labours. We are in expectation of seeing steps taken to do away with the filth of the streets, and to bring this city to a level with European cleanliness. There is a very strong feeling, I have reason to believe, among the enlightened classes of the Italians on this and kindred subjects in favour of a very deep reform.

D. P.

Poetry.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

SIR.—If the accompanying translation (made in a railway-carriage) should be considered acceptable, I beg to offer it for insertion.—Yours faithfully,

EPITAPH ON DR. BUCKLAND.

BY ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

MOURN, Ammonites, mourn, o'er his funeral urn,
Whose neck ye shall grace no more;
Gneiss, Granite, and Slate, he settled your date,
And him ye must now deplore.
Weep, caverns, weep, with infiltrating drip,
Your recesses he'll cease to explore;
For mineral veins and organic remains
No stratum again will he bore.

His wit shone like crystal: his knowledge profound
From gravel to granite descended;
No *trap* could deceive him, no *slip* could confound,
Nor specimen true or pretended.
He knew the birth-rock of each pebble so round,
And how far its tour had extended.

Where shall we then our Professor inter,
That in peace may rest his bones?
If we hew him a rocky sepulchre,
He'll rise and break the stones,
And examine each stratum that lies around,
For he's quite in his element under ground.

If with mattock and spade his body we lay
In the common alluvial soil,
He'll start up and snatch these tools away,
Of his own geological toil.
In a stratum so young the Professor disdains
That embedded should lie his organic remains.

But exposed to the drip of some case-hardening spring,
His carcass let stalactites cover;
And to Oxford the petrified sage let us bring,
When he is encrusted all over.
There, 'mid mammoths and crocodiles, high on a shelf
Let him stand as a monument raised to himself.

IDEM GRÆCE REDDITUM.

Nῦν πᾶς τὸν οὐκέτ' ὄντ' ὀδυρόσθω λίθος
πλεκτὴν δράκοντος σπεῖραν ἐκμιμούμενος·
δέρης τὰ πρὶν κρεμαστὰ χαιρέτω στέφη.
ὦ στερεὰ γῆς βλαστήμαθ', ὧν ὠρισμένους
χρόνους διεστοίχιζε, νῦν κλαῦσαι πάρα
νῦν ἄντρα διεροῖς διάβροχα σταλάγμασι
δακρυροεῖτε καὶ καταψεύδεσθε·
οὐκ αὖθις ὑμῶν ἐξερευνήσει μυχοῦς,
οὐκ ἐς μετὰλλων σαρὼν εἰς κεκρυμμένον,
οὐκ ὁστέων παλαιὰ θησαυρίσματα

10

σκληρὰς τετραίνων νῦτα γῆς ἀφίξεταί.
κρύσταλλος ὥς ἔλαμπε διαφανὴς φρενῶν
φύσις, προβάσα τῆς κάτω πόρρω χθονός·
οὐ δολερὸν οὐδὲν ἔλαθεν, οὐ πέτρας μέρος
χωρισθὲν, εἴτε ψευδὲς, εἴτ' ἀληθινόν·
ἔγνω δὲ καὶ τὸ λάινον κρυπτὸν γένος,
ἔθεν κυλισθεὶς ἐξίκοιθ' ὀλοῖτροχος.
ποῦ δὴ τὸν ἄμυν κρύψομεν διδάσκαλον
θανόνθ', ἵν' αἰὲν ἡσύχως εὖδῃ νέκυς;
εἰ μὲν πετραῖον τύμβον ἐξορύξομεν,
ῥήξει τ' ἀναστὰς καὶ κατασκάψει λίθους·
τὰ γὰρ περιστάθιντ' ἐρευνήσει σοφῶς
τείχη, ξυνήθη τὸν κάτω τρίβων βίον·
εἰ δ' αὖ δικέλλαις ἐγχαράξομεν πῆδον,
κοιτὴν βαθεῖαν ἀμφιβάλλοντες κόνιν,
τὰ τῆς τέχνης πάνθ' ἀρπάσει σκευὴ φέρων,
αὐτὸς τὸν αὐτοῦ γνωρίσας χειρῶν πόνον.
τὰ γὰρ γεώδους σώματος λελειμμένα
νέε φθονήσει συγκαλυφθῆναι χθονί·
ἀλλ' αἰὲν ὑγροῖς νέμασιν βεβρεγμένους
σαρκὸς πετραῖαν περιβολὴν ἐνδύσεται,
καὶ πᾶς λιθώδης αὖθις ἀναφανείς νέκυς
τὴν καλλίπυργον εἰσὶν εἰς Ὀξωρίαν.
κάκει μετ' ἄλλων θηρίων, ἀρθεὶς ἄνω,
μνημεῖον αὐτοῦ στήσεται τεθειμένους.

15

20

25

30

35

Reviews.

Essays and Tales, by John Sterling; collected and edited, with a Memoir of his Life. By Julius Charles Hare, M.A., Rector of Hurstmonceux. 2 vols. London, J. W. Parker.

MANKIND may be divided into four classes: namely, plain people, who come and go, like the birds of the air, without leaving a trace behind; then those who, by their efforts or discoveries, wonderfully improve our physical welfare; thirdly, such as raise the level of the public intellectual mind; and lastly, those who prepare souls for heaven. It would have afforded us intense satisfaction to have placed John Sterling in the fourth and last division: but, alas, that may not be. In the third class, however, he shone conspicuously, so that had life and health been spared, he might have been a star of the first magnitude.

He was born at Kames Castle, in the isle of Bute, on the 20th of July, 1806; and was removed by his parents, in about four years, to Llanblithian in Glamorganshire, where they resided until 1814. His earliest years were thus developed amidst picturesque scenery, with which his inner mind so deeply sympathised, that Rousseau would have claimed him, at once, as a veritable child of Nature. He could say under nearly all circumstances (although it is not written in these volumes), *Flumina amem silvasque*: and it is possible that so exquisite was his enjoyment of the visible universe, as to interfere with that nobler admiration which, when it corresponds with the grace of God, becomes spiritual worship and service. The original defect in his education seems to have been an indulgence of sentimentalism. His health was delicate from the very first. The discipline of the rod, which corrects the will, appears never to have touched him. He was suffered to dream away many days of boyhood in attractive yet idle speculations. A visit to France, just after the peace, excited him not a little; and when his parents at length settled in London, their son John went to several schools in succession; about the worst plan with a clever lad that can be adopted. Scintillations of genius were not slow in manifesting themselves. Once having been desired "to write a description of a storm in Latin hexameters, he tried to conceive what would be the real appearance and effects of a great tempest in a landscape; and, amongst other things, dwelt on the terror of all kinds of animals, especially of the lion, so frightened by the thunder as to let the deer fly past him without attempting to seize them. His father, to whom he shewed the verses, said this was a good thought; and these words of praise recurred to his mind, as an encouragement, when he was disheartened by the fear that he should never be able to do any thing." About the same time

an incident occurred, which unhappily led him to fall in love with grandiloquence. It cost him considerable pains to emancipate himself, in subsequent life, from the absurd trammels of sonorous rhetoric.

Far better, however, than all these things were his warm natural affections. He loved exceedingly his parents, brothers, and sisters, who drew him out of himself, and shed upon his expanding intellect the sweet sunshine of the heart. Nothing can be like a happy home; and he was blest with one. Death had withdrawn some members of the family from his social circle, and he began to think that their spirits might be the spectators of his thoughts and actions; that it was worth while to try and please them; so that even his biographer remarks, "How deeply rooted in human nature is the tendency to the worship of saints, to the beatification and deification of those whom the grave has hidden from our 'outward eyes!'" Archdeacon Hare might have expressed this simple truth in a less awkward manner, we think; although, as a whole, the sketch of his subject is beautifully written. There was no lack of taste in the boy for any thing and every thing that went on around him. His father was a correspondent in the *Times* newspaper as early as 1812, so that politics came in for their share of attention. As a youth, he is said furthermore to have read through the entire *Edinburgh Review* from its beginning; hence arose much that was to be afterwards regretted. The mind, thus prematurely fed, was sure to become as intellectually flatulent as the editors of the New York journals alluded to in the pages of Knickerbocker, *alias* Washington Irving. Periodicals, from the daily sheet to the quarterly volume, may suit the nineteenth century, but they will never nourish giants! In the autumn of 1824, John Sterling went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he found himself one of the pupils at the classical lectures of his present biographer. A good verbal scholar he never was, but his able tutor "was soon attracted by his genial intellect and spirit." Archdeacon Hare observes how quickly he shewed his relish for and delight in the charms of Greek poetry, and the practical and speculative wisdom of ancient history and philosophy. He adds: "Thus began our acquaintance, which ripened afterwards into one of the most precious friendships vouchsafed to me during my life."

Sterling professed no enthusiastic admiration for either Cambridge or Oxford, conceiving always that they fell far short of their proper functions; so that when the London University started, it had his warmest advocacy in the columns of the *Athenæum*. Coleridge was just now being acknowledged by many the "true sovereign of modern English thought." The celebrated *Aids to Reflection* had been recently published; and mystical minds, then as now, mistook meteors for solid worlds. Sterling plunged headlong into the prevalent mania. In a letter to his biographer in 1836, he wrote as follows: "To Coleridge I owe education; he taught me to believe that an empirical philosophy is none at all; that faith is the highest reason; that all criticism, whether of literature, laws, or manners, is blind, without the power of discerning the organic unity of the subject." Highgate, where the new philosopher resided, grew into a Delphos to his disciples. Thither, whenever an opportunity offered, John Sterling "sought out the old man in his oracular shrine;" and a pity it was, says the Archdeacon, that he did not preserve an account of Coleridge's conversations with him; "for he was capable of representing their depth, their ever-varying hues, their sparkling lights, their oceanic ebb and flow, of which his published *Table-Talk* hardly gives the slightest conception." Wordsworth also exercised powerful influence over him; and he dwelt with almost idolatrous admiration upon "his dome-like forehead," and conversational powers "helped by the most expressive voice in the world,—by the most speaking face,—by an eye the very organ of benevolent wisdom." To these twin sages he listened, as to the greatest of modern poets; but history captivated him with scarcely a less potent spell. Niebuhr especially attracted him. He studied him with the deepest interest. His arm it was which beckoned him to the sternest love of truthful and devout investigation, and which shewed him what had

been effected by German philosophy for the resurrection of the spirit of antiquity. In the debating society at Cambridge he had expatiated upon these, as well as analogous subjects. His contemporaries there affirm, that of all the speakers they ever heard, he had the greatest gift of natural eloquence. Of this, says his memorialist,

"I never had adequate means for forming a judgment; but his conversational powers were certainly amongst the most brilliant I ever witnessed. In carrying on an argument, I have known no one comparable to him. In addition to the secondary merits of a rich command of language and illustration, he used to shew a mastery of the subject-matter, proceeding from the singular clearness of his understanding and readiness of his knowledge, which, even when his adversaries had chosen ground where they fancied themselves at home, took them by surprise, and confounded them. He seemed like a skilful chess-player, who knew by anticipation how his opponent was going to move, nay, foresaw a long series of moves, and, like Socrates, would push him on, move after move, till he suddenly found himself checkmated. At times too, he would maintain a contest of this sort against half-a-dozen antagonists at once, holding the reins of four or six-in-hand, without letting them get entangled, answering all in turn, and having a sufficient answer for each!"

All this, too, was connected with so much candour of mind, and such winning manners, that one could say of him what was said of Eustace, *Qui semel auditor, semper amicus erat!* After residing somewhat more than a year at Trinity College, he left Cambridge without taking a degree; for which purpose, however, he returned in the autumn of 1833, when about to enter into orders. Partly law, and partly literature, occupied the intervening period. One of his dearest friends, then in frequent and intimate intercourse with him, declares that he owed more to him than to any other living man: "It was impossible to come into contact with his noble nature without feeling oneself in some measure ennobled and lifted up, as one ever felt in leaving him, into a higher region of objects and aims than that in which one is tempted habitually to dwell." Multifarious testimonies of a similar nature might easily be collected. His mind was in fact a talisman of light, attracting all that was pure, virtuous, and truthful, to itself; and then illuminating whatever it touched with its own radiance. Maurice, Trench, Carlyle, all hailed him as a kindred spirit. With some of these, and especially the first, he laboured in the *Athenæum*, from whose pages most of his contributions are now before us. They display his passionate intensity of love for all mankind; his deep sympathies in all their sorrows and trials; his devotedness to intellectual cultivation; his penetrating perceptions, as to what constituted the realities of character; his eagerness to diffuse knowledge; and his readiness to annihilate selfishness on all occasions. That the fulcrum on which he leaned was a false one, there can be no doubt; whilst one can hardly imagine, without tears, the magnificent philanthropist which he might have proved, had the principles of genuine faith only been allowed to pervade his existence. As it was, his heart was carried in his hand for all who were in distress or tribulation, nationally as well as individually. Thus, for example, General Torrijos and the Spanish refugees of 1823 enkindled his energies. When the insurrection of 1830 broke out, he longed that his friend Torrijos should put himself at its head; and he even crossed the Channel with that officer in a fishing-boat to St. Valery. Had his health permitted, he would have pressed on still farther; and when this calamitous enterprise had no other termination than the scaffold at Malaga, his spirit sank within him, as though he ought to have died for the liberties of the Peninsula. Late in the same year he married; but symptoms of pulmonary disease almost threatened his bride with widowhood, which compelled them to try the air of the West Indies. He was in the island of St. Vincent, as a resident, during the fearful hurricane of 1831, when his house came down over his head, and he had to take refuge with his lady in a cellar for several days, during which she every moment expected her confinement. In 1833 he published the novel of *Arthur Coningsby*, the main portion of which had been written some years before. He was now, strange to say, preparing for the Church! A medley of circumstances contributed towards this result;

some of which he mentions, such as the influence of matrimony, the birth of his first child, and Samuel Taylor Coleridge;—and we may probably add, the solemnising effects of long-continued sickness. The fact, however, seems to have been, that he wanted a profession. Speculation, it was true, had begun to render him familiar with certain departments of theology; but, in general, the preparation for Anglican Orders is meagre beyond expression. Sterling tells us his own story in a few simple words, when he says:

"Disciplined by many grave events, and not, I trust, unguided by the Holy Spirit, I have begun of late to read the Bible with diligence and unfailing interest; and have in some degree learnt by experience the power and advantage of prayer; and enjoy what I never knew before, and what even now is checked with many fears, a lively and increasing hope that I may be able to overcome the world."

Surely something more than all this must be requisite for the man aspiring after the cure of souls! Archdeacon Hare had advised him a long time before to consider the sacred ministry his proper vocation. He met him at Bonn in June 1833, and offered him the curacy of Hurstmonceux as a title. Accordingly he was ordained Deacon at Chichester on Trinity Sunday, 1834. To the next step he was never admitted; since within a few months his growing malady brought to a compulsory close his labours as a clergyman. German Rationalism, however, would have arrested his career, even if consumption had not already marked him for its prey!

At Hurstmonceux he was at least a benevolent pastor. He was continually devising schemes for improving the parish. The poor, the schools, the sick, the aged, all found in him an active, able, and zealous friend. "His aim was to awaken the minds of the people, to arouse their conscience, to call forth their sense of moral responsibility, to make them feel their own sinfulness, their need of redemption, and then to lead them to a recognition of the divine love by which that redemption is offered to us." No fault need be found with these views, as far as they go: for evangelical Anglicans, perhaps that is far enough. His notion of the primitive sense of the word 'Church' was, "a community of people called by the grace of God from the world,—that is, from following their own desires, their own theories, their own interests,—to the acknowledgment of the true spiritual end of man's existence, made known to us, and attainable by us, through Jesus Christ: this end being a moral union with God." Such opinions were not likely to clash with those of his amiable rector, who loved him as a brother. "Almost daily," says he, "did I look out for his coming to me, at the usual hour, and watch his tall, slender form walking rapidly across the hill in front of my window, with the assurance that he was coming to cheer and brighten, to rouse and stir me; to call me up to some height of feeling, or down into some depth of thought." And when he had quitted the room, it always seemed, continues his former tutor, "that his visit had been like a shower of rain, bringing down freshness and beauty on a dusty roadside-hedge." Severe, as may well be conceived, must have been the pang of separation between such minds; for to that point, after all, it too soon came.

Illness removed him from Sussex to Bayswater near London, where certain biblical inquiries began to unveil to himself and friends his real theological position. Discourses on Revelation and a Treatise on Ethics were both upon the anvil; but the scriptural narrative of the Fall appeared now true "only as to the main outlines;" and he confesses, "that the more I go into the Old Testament, the more ground I find for hesitating about the great physical miracles, from the apparent mixture of alloy in the narratives, their slight outward authority, and the difficulties of any scheme that would furnish a previous ground for the facts, and yet account for the imperfection of our record of them. But I am far from giving the thing up." When we first knew him he had pushed on further a good deal; and had not merely given up books of Scripture by wholesale, just as Luther did the Galatians, but had reached the conclusion, that, to use his own words, "unless there was a court of chancery in heaven," not an iota of the Book of Daniel, for ex-

ample, could be for an instant maintained! We do not see what complaint the most orthodox Protestantism could have against him on these grounds. Once abandoning the authority *ab extra* from which the canon of Scripture can alone instrumentally proceed, what is there to prevent the right of private judgment being ramified into any or all its logical consequences? John Sterling was only a reformer in his own way, deliberately choosing reason rather than revelation for his guide; feeling most acutely the inconsistencies of the Church to which he nominally belonged, and fully persuaded that, although she had broken a wholesome yoke from off her own neck, she was often ready, *per fas aut nefas*, to fasten it upon all other people.

We are not going to trace the downward progress of a dying eagle! Our readers may easily conceive how in due course of time he became "far from clear that Mahomet himself was an impostor, and not rather a warlike and Arabian Socrates, really believing himself commissioned from heaven!" Milman, Goethe, Jonathan Edwards, Kant, and Schleiermacher, were slowly yet surely alluring him towards Strauss and Hegel. It was not that he altogether lost sight of what his biographer vouchsafes to describe as "Christian ideas;" but the mischief was, that his faith, if it deserve the name, had come to be made up of mere ideas, mere empty speculations, which could have little to do with any substantial or heart-influencing principles whatsoever. The star which he followed led not to the manger of Bethlehem, to the feet of an Infant and Incarnate God. The description given by his own pen, of his own state, was a faithful picture, when portraying himself as "a man who sees a sea of shadows close before him, with only a vague though glowing light-streak beyond;" whilst what ought to have been religion had faded into the delusions of mere human philosophy.

Books, studies, travels, literature, and politics, absorbed the remainder of his days. The volumes before us must speak for themselves; for, together with all his works, whether in prose or verse, they are replete with interest. As a reviewer, his criticisms are like the scimitar of Saladin, which could cut asunder the finest and flimsiest veil thrown up to float upon the air. As a poet, he had drunk deeply of the true waters of Parnassus, which enabled him to pour forth a stream of original thought in the most graceful numbers. His tales and allegories are perhaps equal, on the whole, to any in our language. In appreciating works of art, whether sacred or profane, he was by no means free from prejudice; and when he beheld the Pope in all his pomp at Rome, he dared to say, "that he looked like a lie in livery:" a borrowed expression, by the way, and altogether beneath the general elevation of his mind. Yet he could peruse the blasphemous rhapsodies of the Antinomian Huntingdon with respect and praise; so inconsistent are even the noblest of mortals. No wonder that, as the sands of life declined, his horizon darkened. Not very long before he departed, he wrote as follows: "My inward story, so far as there is one, has been verging more and more to the exercise of imagination in the free, sympathetic, and earnest study of human life; and I vaguely deliberate on plans for works of fiction more than on any other sort of literary enterprise. German philosophy stands afar in the back ground, a cloudy but also starry temple, hallowed to the same God, worshipped by mankind in so many tents, dens, barns, and minsters." His tragedy of *Stratford* occupied him during the winter of 1841; whilst neither Clifton, Torquay, nor Falmouth, could arrest the progress of his malady. Kind and tender to the last, his affections were as simple and touching as those of an innocent child; witness one of his latest stanzas to a dear, and, like himself, a dying friend:

"To float on Memory's twilight seas,
We spread a quiet sail at ease,
Beneath a crescent moon:
The dead around,—the young, the fair,—
Seem whispering through the silent air,
That we shall meet them soon!"

And so it proved: yet the tenderest ties were to be torn asunder first. Sterling adored his mother, and idolised his wife. Both were removed from him within a couple of hours of each other! Amidst the desola-

tion, however, of hearth and home, he remembered his duty to his children, and calling them around him, wrote down these words: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord. Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight, was his last earthly abode. On the 4th of April, 1844, a slight exertion caused the rupture of a blood-vessel, as well as a hæmorrhage so violent that those around him thought it must be fatal. "My days fast pass," he afterwards wrote; "*but a great charm is wanting!*" Alas, that it should have been so! Even then we find the same affecting mixture of thoughtfulness about others, speculative sentimentalism as to the genuine realities of religion, and singular natural submission to the Divine will. "The faces of the poor people at Hurstmonceux," he observed in a letter to Archdeacon Hare, "have also recurred to me very often, especially of some whom I saw dying there. Though with so much less of outward comfort, their patience exceeded mine; yet on any ground I have little to complain of. This world, even now, lies clear and bright before me, and being good in itself, is the pre-lusive image of a still better one. It will be a most blessed release when I am called away; for I cannot hope ever again to be of the smallest use here. Farewell! you can never know the fondness with which I recal the minutest portions of our intercourse. We shall meet again, rest assured. Christianity is a great comfort and blessing to me, *although I am quite unable to believe all its original documents.* I am thankful for all things, and hope much." Within a few hours of his decease, he put the following pencil lines into the hands of his sister, which were the very last ever written by him:

"Could we but hear all Nature's voice,
From glow-worm up to sun,—
'Twould speak with one concordant sound,
'Thy will, O God, be done!"

But hark,—a sadder, mightier prayer,
From all men's hearts that live,—
Thy will be done in earth and heaven,—
And Thou my sins forgive!"

It was on the 16th of September, 1844. As it grew dusk, he appeared to be seeking for something; and on being asked what he wanted, said, "Only the old Bible which I used so often at Hurstmonceux in the cottages." A little later, his brother arrived from London, with whom he conversed cheerfully for a few minutes, but never spoke afterwards. Before eleven o'clock his spirit had departed. The writer of these columns happened to be then on a brief visit to Ventnor; but, through no fault of any party, failed to see him. Sympathising with him in what must have been his final agony upon earth,—loving him with fervent enthusiasm,—and yet remembering the bitter disappointment inevitably connected with his wretched Rationalism, he thought of those expressions applied to Agricola,—"*Paucioribus tamen lacrimis compositus es, et novissima in luce desiderare aliquid oculi tui!*"

An obvious parallel may be drawn between Sterling and Arnold, whom the former exceedingly admired. They were both men in whom the intellectual faculty had developed itself very far beyond ordinary limits. Their turn of thought, and the aspect in which theology appeared to them, to say nothing of history and politics, were similar. They were both practical philanthropists, as well as philosophical speculators; and although Arnold, as a great schoolmaster, may have formed more characters, he has not left behind him, like Sterling, *Crystals from a Cavern*, which the world will never part with. They both loved the poor, and derived benefit, as all must do, through habitual intercourse with the representatives of a suffering Saviour upon earth. They were both men of prayer, scriptural study, and serious, yet cheerful, contemplative habits. They were both Protestants, in the true sense of that term, against whatever stood in the way of the vaunted rights of private judgment. Yet Sterling was the one who dared to follow out his own principles to their proper consequences. He was like Knox, who never knew the fear of man. He launched upon the ocean of speculation, and was not afraid of being swept over the *mania mundi* by the currents he might meet

with on his voyage. His admission of the claims of conscience was logically and practically consistent. Arnold halted comparatively soon; and was afraid of emancipating even the poor Jews! Both revelled in the beauties of nature; but Sterling was a genuine poet—a man who could exorcise thoughts of potency from the vasty deep, and subdue them to his own spells upon the shore of this every-day world. Yet Arnold had the humblest mind; for he bowed every thought at last to the blessed captivity of the everlasting Gospel—at least, so far as he knew it. The latter will live in recollection so long as Rugby maintains its position as a seminary; and as to the other, there will be thoughtful minds in all future ages who, in numbering up the intellectual benefactors of their species, will not fail to remember the name of JOHN STERLING.

LORD CAMPBELL'S LIVES OF THE CHANCELLORS.

Vols. VI. and VII.

[Concluding notice.]

If it is a delicate thing to write the life of one's contemporaries, it is still more delicate to meddle with them when they have been one's political opponents. Even if we give satisfaction to themselves and their connexions, we shall be sure not to persuade other people that we have written fairly and honestly. Imagine a life of Sir Robert Peel from the caustic pen of Disraeli; or a biographical sketch of Lord John Russell's theological character by the Bishop of Exeter. All the world would read them only for the fun of the thing, and not dream of looking for the exact truth of history.

Such, in a degree, was Lord Campbell's difficulty when he came down to his last Lord Chancellor. What, then, will it be if he should survive a Brougham or a Lyndhurst, and think it his duty to complete the *Lives of the Chancellors* by painting *their* portraits? We don't know whether he would take it as a compliment or not, if we said that, were the choice given us, we should much prefer to see a picture of Brougham by Campbell, than one of Campbell himself by Brougham. But however this may be, few will deny to the Whig law-lord the praise of as fair an estimate of the inveterate old Tory Chancellor as could have proceeded from an antagonist pen. His summing-up of the life of the venerable Eldon will, indeed, be usually counted the most curious portion of the memoir. Twiss's long and elaborate life of the great Equity Judge has already told almost all that is of importance in his professional, political, and private life; though we have little doubt that Lord Campbell's briefer tale will be more welcome to many a reader than his predecessor's somewhat long-winded disquisition. We shall confine ourselves to a slight account of the Whig character of the "last of the Tories," which forms the concluding chapter in these valuable biographies.

Lord Campbell opens his "summing-up" by telling us how much he feels the difficulty of the task. He fears that people will say he imitates old Johnson, who owned, that in writing his "debates" for the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "he always took care the Whigs should have the worst of it;" or the Whig blacksmith, who lamed the horse of every Tory that he had to shoe in his forge. Naturally, he feels the most interest in Lord Eldon as an Equity Judge. So, we think, will mankind in general. Great as was Eldon as a Judge, it were absurd to call him great as any thing else, unless a man can be called great in the art of making half a million of money by honest means. As a politician, even Lord Castlereagh was great by comparison. Eldon was of the Addington and Liverpool school; one who thought that the great function of a government is to make people obey; and who believed that one half of mankind comes into the world saddled and bridled, and the other half ready booted and spurred to ride them.

As an Equity Judge, his biographer has the highest opinion of him. First, he states his defects. Among these, the foremost were his circumscribed juridical knowledge, and his acquaintance with the details rather than the principles of law. Literature, again, he despised; and counted intellectual cultivation of so little

value, that in his latter days he could neither speak nor write grammatically. This Vandalism, says Lord Campbell, impaired both the grace and the efficiency of his high judicial qualities; and not only deprived him of the benefit of knowing something of public opinion, but really hindered him from arranging and expressing his thoughts, so as to do justice to the conclusions at which he had arrived.

"He once astonished the Bar by saying that, during the long vacation, he had read *Paradise Lost*; but it was shrewdly suspected that he only skimmed it over, trying to find out 'the charging part';* and certain it is that, for many years, his reading was confined to bills, answers, depositions, affidavits, and the more trifling articles in the *John Bull* newspaper."

No wonder that he was compared to the *roué* Duke of Orleans, who said of spelling, "We quarrelled at the outset of life, and never made up our differences." Another of his faults was his unscrupulous waste of his own and other people's time in court. A barrister might prose on from hour to hour unchecked by the Chancellor. The fact also was, that his Lordship was often really writing letters to his daughter and sister-in-law, while apparently listening to these tedious discourses.

In the common opinion of his absurd delay in pronouncing judgments, Lord Campbell does not wholly coincide, though he counts it to have been carried to a very mischievous extent. People thought him as obstinate an "obstructive" in law as he was in politics. Here is a specimen of the cases in which he was actually in fault:

"On one occasion, having spoken very luminously for two hours on the merits of a case which he had heard, and having intimated a strong opinion in favour of the defendant, he finished by saying, 'However, I will take home the papers and read them carefully, and will tell the parties, on a future day, what my judgment will be.' Sir Samuel Romilly, rising from his seat, and turning round to the juniors, said, 'Now is not this extraordinary? I never heard a more satisfactory judgment; and yet the Chancellor professes that he cannot make up his mind. It is wonderful; and the more so, because, however long he takes to consider a cause, I scarcely ever knew him differ from his first impression.'"

He pretended—for Lord Eldon was not a man who was ignorant in the art of self-glorification—that he thought it his duty to read through all the depositions and documents that were brought forward. Sometimes, doubtless, he did this; but nobody ever believed that he did it always; and still less, that, after hearing all that could be said on both sides by the ablest counsel, his private reading would bring out any thing except a few mares' nests. In his "Anecdote-Book"—as dismal a collection of stories as ever lawyer put together—he took care to puff himself pretty freely on this astonishing conscientiousness. When he pleased, he could be speedy enough. In one fortnight, in August 1821, he heard nearly 300 bankruptcy petitions, and decided as well as heard them. Still let it never be forgotten that, when he *did* decide, Lord Eldon was rarely in the wrong.

Others of his blemishes consisted in his fondness for carping at almost every thing said by his legal contemporaries, and his gross want of impartiality in speaking of his immediate predecessors on the bench. Scotchmen he cordially disliked, and let them know it too. Nor would he ever write his judgments, which thus stand in singular contrast with the magnificent expositions of his brother, Lord Stowell.

"In consequence," says Lord Campbell, "it has been remarked by a severe critic, that 'Lord Eldon's judgments lie, like Egyptian mummies, embalmed in a multitude of artfully contrived folds and wrappers;' and even Mr. Twiss candidly says, 'It may at once be admitted, that as literary compositions they are faulty enough, inconveniently parenthetical, and overabundant in limitations and qualifications.'"

Yet such as he delivered them, his judgments were accounted almost infallible. His purity of purpose was ever unimpeachable. His good humour was rarely disturbed, and conciliated where he could not convince. Wit and humour were not in his line; yet now and then

* "Jockey Bell, the famous Chancery pleader, having said that he read all the new novels, and being asked how he found time, answered, 'I soon find out the charging part,' wherein lies the virtue of a bill in Chancery."

a good retort escaped his lips. Thus he quoted Sir George Rose's verses upon himself:

"My most valued and witty friend, Sir George Rose," writes his biographer, "when at the bar, having the note-book of the regular reporter of Lord Eldon's decisions put into his hand, with a request that he would take a note for him of any decision which should be given, entered in it the following lines, as a full record of all that was material which had occurred during the day:—

Mr. Leach
Made a speech,
Angry, neat, but wrong:
Mr. Hart,
On the other part,
Was heavy, dull, and long:
Mr. Parker
Made the case darker,
Which was dark enough without:
Mr. Cooke
Cited his book,
And the Chancellor said—'I DOUBT.'"

This *jeu d'esprit*, flying about Westminster Hall, reached the Chancellor, who was very much amused with it, notwithstanding the allusion to his doubting propensity. Soon after, Mr. Rose having to argue before him a very untenable proposition, he gave his opinion very gravely, and with infinite grace and felicity thus concluded: 'For these reasons the judgment must be against your clients; and here, Mr. Rose, the Chancellor DOES NOT DOUBT.'"

For the special improvements Lord Eldon introduced into the system of equity, we must refer to the life itself, as they are scarcely intelligible to a non-professional reader. As a law-reformer he did literally nothing; and were all Chancellors like Eldon, the chances are that the average duration of a Chancery suit would be about three generations, and its cost the average fortune of the members of the House of Commons.

As a politician, we have no respect for him except for the solitary virtue of *consistency*. The mob once cheered him as "old Eldon, who never ratted," and soothed the aged Judge's inmost heart by the compliment. He gave away his Church patronage on the principles of *delay*, and of a love of mediocrity. He abominated the Evangelicals, and never presented but one such to a Chancellor's living. His soul was with what he would call "safe men." Here are two of the best anecdotes connected with his exercise of this semi-ecclesiastical function:

"The following was his answer to an application for a piece of preferment from his old friend Dr. Fisher, of the Charter House:

'Dear Fisher,—I cannot, to-day, give you the preferment for which you ask.
'I remain your sincere friend, ELDON.
Then, on the other side, 'Turn over.'
'I gave it to you yesterday.'

He himself furnished the following narrative of another ecclesiastical appointment, redounding much to his credit: 'When I went to enjoy repose at Encombe, I gave orders to be denied to all strangers, or I should have been beset with applicants. One of these was a country clergyman from the north of England, who found his way thither on foot, and asked for the Chancellor. The servant who opened the door said his Lordship was out shooting. 'Which way is he gone?' replied the clergyman. 'What is your business, sir?' asked the servant. 'Never mind,' rejoined the clergyman; 'only just tell me which way your master is gone.' The servant pointed out the quarter in which the Chancellor was to be found; and the stranger, following the direction, was not long before he came up with a man carrying a gun, and accompanied by a brace of dogs, but somewhat shabbily dressed, of whom he inquired whereabouts the Chancellor might be found. 'Not far off,' said the sportsman; and, just as he spoke, a covey of partridges got up, at which he fired, but without success. The stranger left him, crossed another field or two, and witnessed, from a little distance, the discharge of several shots as unproductive as the first. 'You don't seem to make much of that,' said he, coming back; 'I wish you could tell me where to meet with Lord Eldon.' 'Why, then,' said the other, 'I am Lord Eldon.' The clergyman fell a stammering and apologising, till the Chancellor asked him, rather shortly, whence he came, how he had got to Encombe, and what he wanted there. The poor clergyman said he had come from Lancashire to the Bull and Mouth in London; and that, finding the Chancellor had left town, and having no money to spare, he

had walked from London to Encombe; and that he was Mr. —, the curate of a small parish, which he mentioned, and of which the incumbent was just dead; and that he was come to solicit the vacant benefice. 'I never give answers to applicants coming hither,' said the Chancellor, 'or I should never have a moment to myself; and I can only express my regret that you should have taken the trouble of coming so far to no purpose.' The suitor said, 'If so, he had no alternative but to go back to the Bull and Mouth, where he expected to find a friend who would give him a cast back into Lancashire:' and with a heavy heart, took leave. When he arrived at the Bull and Mouth, a letter, in an unknown hand, was waiting for him. He opened the cover with the anxious curiosity of a man to whom epistolary communications are rare; and had the joy of finding in it a good-humoured note from the Chancellor, giving him the preferment. 'But now,' added Lord Eldon, with a waggish smile, 'see the ingratitude of mankind. It was not long before a large present of game reached me, with a letter from my new-made rector, purporting that he had sent it me, because, *from what he had seen of my shooting*, he supposed I must be badly off for game! Think of turning upon me in this way after the kindness I had done him, and wounding me in my very tenderest point!'"

Turn we now to the great lawyer's private life. His most amusing practice was to keep the "Anecdote-Book," so often referred to in his life. In this he inserted every thing, bad, good, and indifferent; all was grist that came to his mill: but, says Lord Campbell, if he were indicted for murdering his own jokes, though perhaps he would be acquitted of the *murder*, he would certainly have been found guilty of *concealment*.

His talk was far better than his written fun.

"The following hit at a bishop (which he was ever fond of) he himself related:—'Lord Donoughmore came to me upon the woolpack upon a day in which something was to pass on the Catholic question, and an eminent prelate it was understood was to vote with Donoughmore. Entering into conversation with me, Lord Donoughmore said, 'What say you to us now? We have got a great card to-night.' I said, 'What card do you mean? I know the KING is not with you; there is no QUEEN; there is only another great card.' 'What,' said Donoughmore, 'the Right Reverend Prelate a KNAVE!' 'You have called him so,' said I; 'I have not.'

"He related the following anecdote, which may be taken as a fair specimen of the wit of the court of George III. 'On one occasion I, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, and many other Lords, were with George III., when his Majesty exclaimed, 'I dare say I am the first King whose Archbishop of Canterbury and whose Chancellor had both run away with their wives—was it not so, Chancellor?' 'May it please your Majesty, will you ask the Archbishop that question first?' answered I. It turned the laugh to my side, for all the Lords were beginning to titter.'

"He retained the relish he had acquired at University College for bad puns. When suffering from the gout in both feet—where, though painful it is not dangerous, he said, 'he did not much mind gout below the knee—provided it were *'ne plus ultra!'*"

"He caused a loud laugh while the old Duke of Norfolk was fast asleep in the House of Lords, and amusing their Lordships with 'That tuneful Nightingale, his Nose,' by announcing from the woolpack, with solemn emphasis, that the Commons had sent up a bill for 'enclosing and dividing Great SKORING in the county of Norfolk!'"

"A counsel at the Chancery Bar, by way of denying collusion, suspected to exist between him and the counsel representing another party, having said, 'My Lord, I assure your Lordship there is no *understanding* between us;' the Chancellor observed, 'I once heard a squire in the House of Commons say of himself and another squire, 'We have never, through life, had but *one idea between us*,' but I tremble for the suitors when I am told that two eminent practitioners at my bar have *no understanding* between them!'"

"Mr. Pierce Egan, the author of *Boxiana*, having pleaded his own cause, and succeeded—about the granting of an injunction—was beginning a long speech to thank him for his patience and impartiality, when the Chancellor cut short the eulogy, by exclaiming, 'Mr. Egan, you have gained all you want, and the sooner you take *your own head* and mine out of Chancery the better!'"

* "When the Welsh jurisdiction was about to be abolished, two Judges were appointed, with an *understanding* that if it was abolished they should not be entitled to a pension; but it was said that 'all the others had pensions granted to them because they had been appointed *without any understanding*.'"

* "As the language of the 'ring' is now nearly obsolete, perhaps I ought to explain, that when a boxer had his antagonist's head fast under his arm, so that he could pummel it as severely and as long as he pleased, the helpless victim's head was said to be 'in Chancery.'"

He was an utter barbarian in all things relating to the arts:

"He had never been, or desired to be, out of England, unless when he ran off with his bride to Scotland; and he had no taste for any of the fine arts. No painting interested him, unless perhaps the portrait of a friend, of which he judged only by the likeness. In the long-depending 'Opera case,' which to his horror placed him sometimes in the situation of the manager of a theatre, an application having been made which rendered it necessary for him to inquire into the proper rate of remuneration to be allowed for certain principal singers, and especially for Madame Catalani (the Jenny Lind of that day), he said, jocularly, in pronouncing his order, 'For my own part, I would not give five shillings to hear her sing for six months together.'"

Here again we have him as a sportsman:

"He was rather a strict preserver of his game, although always disposed to act good-humouredly to trespassers when he personally came in contact with them. 'One day,' he said, 'as I was with my dog and gun on my grounds, in my usual shooting attire, I heard two reports in an adjoining field, and saw what appeared to be, as in fact they afterwards proved, two gentlemen. I accosted them with 'Gentlemen, I apprehend you have not Lord Eldon's permission to shoot on his grounds?' to which one of them replied, 'Oh, permission is not necessary in our case.' 'May I venture to ask why, gentlemen?' I said. 'Because we flushed our birds on other ground, and the law entitles us to follow our game any where; if you ask your master, Lord Eldon, he'll tell you that is the law.' Whereupon I said, 'I don't think it will be necessary to trouble him on that account, since, to tell you the truth, I am Lord Eldon myself!' They instantly sought to apologise; but I added, 'Come, gentlemen, our meeting has begun in good humour, and so let it end; pursue your pleasure on my grounds—only next time don't be quite so positive in your law.'

"He one day required a half-pay captain to shew his certificate. 'Who are you?' said the trespasser: 'I suppose, one of old Bags' keepers.' 'No,' replied the Chancellor, with a smile, 'I am old Bags himself;' and they parted good friends."

Every body has heard of his frugality, not to call it avarice, and his close housekeeping; though at times he could do a nobly generous action—such, for instance, as we here quote:

"One day, while he was Chancellor, *more suo* he took a hackney-coach to convey him from Downing Street, where he had been attending a Cabinet, to his own residence; and having a pressing appointment, he alighted hastily from the vehicle, leaving papers containing important Government secrets behind him. Some hours after, the driver discovered the packages, and took them to Hamilton Place unopened, when his Lordship desired to see the coachman, and, after a short interview, told him to call again. The man called a few days afterwards, and was then informed that he was no longer a servant, but the owner of a hackney-coach, which his Lordship had, in the mean time, given directions should be purchased and presented to him, together with three horses, as a reward for his honour and promptitude."

As an eater, he loved homely fare; as a drinker, he loved strong, rough port, and not a little of it too. We must find room for a story or two on this head:

"He retained his early taste for homely fare. Sir John Leach, aiming at high fashion, having engaged a French cook of great celebrity, invited the Lord Chancellor to dine with him, and begged that he would name any 'plat' of which he was particularly fond. The reply was, 'Liver and bacon.' Sir John was highly incensed, thinking that this was a premeditated insult on him and his artiste; but was much soothed, though still a little shocked to be accessory to such vulgarity, when told that this same 'plat' had been provided for the Lord Chancellor by the Prince Regent at Brighton:

"So there he sat stuck, like a horse in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round."

"Lord Eldon disliked French wines almost as much as French principles; and abjuring such thin potations as claret and champagne, he stuck to *port*, preferring a growth remarkably rough and strong, which he called 'Newcastle port.' Of this he drank very copiously; but he cannot be considered as intemperate, for his liquor never disturbed his understanding, or impaired his health, or interfered with the discharge of any of his duties. Among the Persians he would have almost received divine honours.

* "This doctrine, which was blazoned in the newspapers, brought many gibes upon him from his musical friends. When hard pressed, he one day thus defended himself: 'Well, I don't deny having said so; but which of you would listen, on any terms, to the best singer in the world for six months together?'"

"Lord Sidmouth related that he once talked to Lord Stowell, his father-in-law, about the practice of himself and the future Lord Chancellor at an early period of their lives, dining together on the first day of term at one of the coffee-houses near the Temple: — 'You drank some wine together, I dare say.' 'Yes.' 'Two bottles?' 'More.' 'What! three bottles?' 'More.' 'What! four bottles?' 'More,—do not ask any more questions.'"

Of his religion, the less that is said the better. Lord Campbell reports a saying, which is sometimes told as uttered by Lord Eldon upon himself:

"On an occasion when his merits were discussed among some lawyers, a warm partisan of the Chancellor extolled him as 'a pillar of the Church.' 'No,' retorted another; 'he may be one of its buttresses, but certainly not one of its pillars, for he is never seen inside its walls.'"

We have already quoted almost too much; but as Henry of Exeter has lately been not a little before the public in less laudable characters, we venture to give Lord Campbell's account of his attempts to Christianise the aged peer:

"Dr. Philpotts, Bishop of Exeter, who was connected with him by marriage, hearing of his weak state, called upon him, and prayed with him. Not having touched on any topic that was distasteful, this visit passed off most satisfactorily. The next time Mr. Pennington appeared, the patient said, 'I have had another doctor since I saw you.' 'I am glad of it,' answered the worthy apothecary. 'Oh, but,' said Lord Eldon, 'he was a spiritual doctor, not a medical. The Bishop of Exeter paid me a visit; and after sitting a little by me, and observing me look very ill, he got up, and bolted the door, and knelt down by me. 'Let us pray,' he said. He did pray, and such a prayer! I never heard such a prayer.' A few days subsequently, as was gathered from Lord Eldon's own statement, the Bishop repeated his visit; and, after some religious conversation with him, was alarmed by finding the entire self-satisfaction with which he looked back on the whole of his past life, and his great seeming reliance upon his own merits. In the true spirit of a faithful Christian pastor, who must not regard the rank or station of a dying man, the Bishop tried, in mild terms, to remind him that we have all followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts; and that, confessing our faults, we ought to look elsewhere for pardon than to the recollection of the good works which we may rashly impute to ourselves. The old peer thereupon became very refractory, thinking that some personal disrespect was shewn to him, and that a slur was meant to be cast upon his conduct as a public man, which he had ever regarded as most spotless, as well as consistent. He was particularly indignant at the thought of such a charge coming from one whom, notwithstanding a show of outward civility, he had regarded with some secret suspicion from the part at last taken by the Right Reverend Prelate respecting Catholic emancipation; and he considered it particularly hard to bear taunts from such a quarter. As the Ex-Chancellor displayed some impatience, and even resentment, the pious divine in vain strove to make him understand that the only object of this conference was to call his attention to spiritual things; and, having exhausted all the means which the acutest intellect, the deepest knowledge, and the most winning manners, could supply, was obliged to retire without, in any degree, making the impression which he desired."

The next day the Bishop wrote him a long letter on the subject, "which," says Lord Campbell, "no doubt brought him to a right frame of mind."

And thus ends the tale, and with it Lord Campbell's long-continued series. It is, perhaps, not too much to say, that the ex-Chancellor for Ireland has taken the world by surprise by his achievement. His attempt was bold; it might be thought rash. Such a long range of biographies seemed utterly beyond the power of one not previously celebrated in the world of letters, and hitherto accounted nothing more than a lawyer and a politician. Nevertheless, these volumes are already on the shelves of every body who can afford to buy them. If Lord Campbell himself ever comes under the critical eye of a biographer, they will probably be deemed the best legacy he will have left to posterity.

Two Lectures on the Life and Writings of Maimonides.

By Dr. A. Benisch. London, Wertheim.

THERE can be no question that in the present day there is, among the Jews of Germany, a considerable amount of intellectual cultivation; and that in that country they display a cultivation which is the result of

reflection, not upon their own literature only, but also upon that of those about them. If others occur in other countries whose writings exhibit signs of similar cultivation, they are persons, as far as we recollect, whose name betrays a German extraction. The Italian grammarian Luzatto is the only exception to this rule, which at the moment we are writing occurs to our memory. Dr. Benisch (if not a feigned name for 'son of man') will not be an exception to our observation. However, he says, that "if we wish to educate our youth as Jewish men and Jewish citizens, we must endeavour to form an Anglo-Jewish literature." The little, but learned, work before us is intended as a small contribution towards the formation of such a literature.

Most of our readers are probably ignorant who Maimonides was, and what place he occupied in the world of thought. We do not know whether we can give them a clear notion of his function as a great man, i. e. a man who, whether for good or not, certainly did, as matter of fact, influence others extensively and permanently. However, there are certain subjects upon which the human intellect exercises itself in such ways as rarely or never to dispense with tradition,—law, for instance, or poetry, or theology. From time to time, great men are raised up to organise and give a body to the scattered limbs which had long subsisted in a traditional chaos. If these great men have lived in sufficient antiquity, they are represented as the creators of that whereof they were but arrangers. Alfred, in this way, used to be called the founder of English law; Vyása the composer of all the Indian legends, which, possibly, he only arranged: whereas in later times nobody supposes that St. Thomas Aquinas created the theology which he reduced to order and system.

There are, then, a class of great men whose mission it seems to be to systematise the traditional knowledge which existed before them—to bring that rare combination of extensive memory with penetrating intellect, which belongs only to great men, to bear upon what was more or less crude and undigested before their own time. To this class of men Moses Maimonides belonged: he is the Jewish Aquinas; and, like St. Thomas, appears to have learnt the art of systematising from Aristotle (p. 26). Maimonides probably read the Arabic translation of the philosopher from which translation the Latin one used by St. Thomas was made. He was born at Cordova between the years 1131-39 (p. 2), and left it to go to Egypt before 1159 (p. 6). In Egypt he practised medicine, and pursued his studies as he could amidst the labours of his profession. Two short quotations will shew what an ardent student he was, and what great practice he had amongst his contemporaries. On his way to Egypt he visited Hebron.

"On that day (he says) I stood in the cave and prayed: thanks be to the Father of all for every thing. The two days, the sixth and ninth of Marchesvan, I destined by a vow for festivals devoted to solemn prayer and the pleasures of the table. May God give me strength; and assist me to fulfil my vows." (p. 7.)

Nobody but a great student would need to pray for strength to eat an unusually good dinner on two days of the year.

The other passage occurs in a letter to a rabbi who wished to come and consult him on some difficult passages in one of his works:

"As for thy wish to come to see me, thy visit will certainly gratify me very much, though I shall find no leisure for scientific conversations; for I have very little time, as thou wilt hear. I live in Mizr Fostat, and the king [Saladin] in Cairo; and I am obliged to repair every morning to the royal court. My visits to members of the royal family last, though nobody be ill, till the afternoon: but if any body is ill, I do not leave at all. If they are well, I return in the afternoon, fatigued and faint, when I find all the galleries filled by a multitude of patients of all classes, both Jews and Gentiles, distinguished and common people, friends and enemies, who wait for my return. I dismount from my horse, wash my hands, and go out to them, requesting them to allow me a few minutes to take some nourishment. The patients are then admitted; and the inquiry into their complaints, with the prescription of remedies, extends two hours, and even longer, into the night, when I grow so weak that I must lie down. The consequence of all this is, that no Israelite can have an interview with me except on the Sabbath. Then come the whole congregation,

to whom I give instruction as to what they shall do during the week."

Maimonides lived to be nearly seventy years of age. He was liberal in his intercourse with men of all creeds, but had too good an opinion of himself to bear contradiction meekly. His love of systematising led him to the confines of rationalism; and when Spencer says he was the first Jew who ceased to play the fool, we are reminded of that text which says, that the foolishness of God is wiser than men. We do not mean to say that rabbis do not talk a great deal of nonsense; but we do think that traditions apparently foolish are often the vehicle of some important truth allegorically expressed; and that the desire of a strictly intellectual system often leads to the discarding of much that is valuable in this way.

We do not think it would interest the general reader to give him a catalogue of Maimonides' works, talmudical, philosophical, mathematical, medical, and miscellaneous. Such a catalogue will be found in pp. 31-43 of this little tract. It was said that Professor Munk, of Paris, intended to edit the whole of them in Hebrew and Arabic, which we hope may be done with a Latin or French translation.

Of course, a writer like Maimonides would have plenty of alarmists to attack him: these he found in the French rabbis, who do not appear to have treated him very handsomely. From what we have said, our readers will guess that we think such alarm not wholly without foundation. Nevertheless, Maimonides certainly had the preponderance of reason on his side. Nobody now-a-days would think it a sin to investigate the causes of Divine precepts, whatever they may think of such and such particular causes assigned (see p. 24-5); and the attempt to reduce traditionary knowledge (of which the Jews have plenty) to a system, is surely desirable, even if some "mistakes" are made in so doing. It is useful to see that the greatest systematisers, even in moral sciences, have been for the most part well versed in physics and mathematics; it is useful to have made acquaintance with this great man, if it be only so far as to gain a fresh proof of this principle, that those who would have their knowledge well arranged must learn the art of arrangement from a study of the visible works of the Author of all order. The muddle-headed theologian and the dreamy philosopher is precisely the man who in his youth neglected physical science; not because it was distasteful to his peculiar fancy, but because it may be abused so as to blunt the moral perceptions. If a desire for system has its evils, they are nothing compared with those which threaten the man who trusts to his own instincts, and judges without taking the pains to get hold of a system to guide himself by. Yet such people will always exist; and so we must not be surprised if even the solid work done by Maimonides raised him enemies. Christians will not be likely to be led away by his rationalism, while they may profit by his system and order.

Serial Publications.

The German Illustrated Bible. With many illustrative Woodcuts from Original Drawings, by Steidle, Veit, Schnorr, Jager, Strahuber, and other eminent German Artists. Nos. I. to XXIII. London, Williams and Norgate; and Cundall: Stuttgart and Munich, J. G. Cotta.

WHEN shall we see an English Bible illustrated like this? It makes one ashamed of every attempt that has hitherto been made to supply the want. Here are many hundred woodcuts, bold, large in size, and full of life, yet without any thing that is *outré* or exaggerated, from designs by some of the most celebrated of living German painters. Of course, in such a multitude of prints, some are happier than others; but, with few exceptions, these illustrations are among the most *satisfactory* translations of the sacred narrative into visible scenes that have ever appeared.

The National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge.

London, Charles Knight.

THIS, the most useful of Cyclopædias, has now reached its third volume. Its plan of avoiding all things that

may irritate men of different opinions, and of letting all classes and religions speak for themselves, though it does not furnish us with the *results* of ideas, is yet so fair to all parties that none can quarrel with it. Occasionally, its cautiousness becomes quite amusing. So far as we can judge, its articles are written by men thoroughly competent to give the most accurate information, each in his own department.

A similar avoidance of controversy, religious and political, marks another of Mr. Knight's serials, *The Land we live in*, which every body has seen, and whose spirited cuts every one has admired. The first volume is now before us, and gives a large amount of interesting information on the state and appearance of England, and its fairest scenes.

A third of the same publisher's recent books awakes in us not a few thoughts of sadness. Of all the learned, acute, profound, witty, or imaginative men and women from whose writings the *Half-hours with the best Authors* is compiled, how few can boast the name of Catholic! how few, indeed, owned any definite creed at all, or adorned their genius with a strict and conscientious life! Innocent, instructive, and admirable as are many of their thoughts and writings, how painfully do they convince us of the fact, that the English Catholic body has furnished little to the great mass of the literature of its country. Hitherto, this fault has not been ours; but if another generation passes away and sees the list of England's scholars ungraced by many a new name, the adherent of her ancient faith, we shall almost count ourselves unworthy of the place that is now at length accorded to us in the ranks of our fellow-countrymen.

The Journal of Public Health. Edited by Dr. Sutherland. Nos. I. to IV. London, Renshaw.

THE Fourth Number of this very important monthly journal is now before us. It is impossible not to wish it a most extensive circulation among all persons who can, in the slightest degree, contribute to the abolition of the *pests* of the nation. All the numbers now published contribute a large amount of important information; and there is a scientific, practical, and energetic character pervading the whole, which will make it do as much as any publication can do, not only for opening people's eyes, but for setting them to work in every feasible way. Mr. Dunhill's sketches of the homes of the London poor are especially valuable.

Goethe's Reineke Fuchs (Reynard the Fox). With Kaulbach's Illustrations. London, Cundall.

THIS superb edition of Goethe's famous satire is now no longer a serial, and forms one of the most strikingly illustrated books of the day. In Kaulbach, the poet has found a pictorial expositor after his own heart. The animals that figure in the story are actually *humanised*, without losing a whit of their own natural distinctive forms and characters. The brilliant imagination and fancy, the scoffing raillery, the wit, the profane identification of religion with the vices of its nominal votaries, the undisguised aversion to priests and monks, which are pre-eminent in the verse, are reflected in Kaulbach's scenes with a fidelity we have rarely seen equalled, and never surpassed.

Fine Arts.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

WHOEVER looks upon painting as a species of visible poetry will be wofully disappointed in the new exhibition of this institution. It may be defined as a collection of pictures, chiefly landscapes, after Turner, Landseer, Stanfield, Etty, Roberts, Lee, Creswick, and a few others. We came away from examining it with scarcely a new idea of the beauty of nature, or of the varied forms in which she reveals herself to her votaries, without one quickened emotion, without one definite image impressed upon the eye of the mind.

The artists who painted all these productions seem to have looked at nature with a deliberate intention of making pictures of her. They did not strive to comprehend what she was in herself, to meditate on her charms, to penetrate into the hidden meaning of the expressions upon her countenance; they did not seek to view the world, and the events that pass upon it, with a poet's eye, and then afterwards to transfer what they had beheld to the canvass, and to communicate to others what

they themselves had first perceived and loved; but they walked forth into the fields and valleys, and among the cows and sheep, with a most professional intention of "studying effects," or noting down "picturesque bits," or catching "graceful groupings;" and then they came back again, and in due time seized their palette and brush, and with the image of some celebrated painter's "handling," or "manner," or "tone," or "tint," or "colouring," or "subject" before them, they straightway made their pictures, and sent them off to the British Institution.

What is the consequence? We seem to have seen all these paintings somewhere or other before; while hardly one of them recalls any actual scene of beauty, any one of the ten thousand indescribable graces and charms of nature herself. There they are, the old story still; cows and sheep; clouds and sky; distance and foreground; trees and shadows; ships and water; young ladies and gentlemen; horses and dogs; Italians and little boys; all reproductions of the same types, all copies of other artists' styles, or mere imitations of nature, as she shews herself to the most superficial observer. We look in vain for *ideas*, for sentiment, for harmony of colour, for that exquisite blending of tint which in actual nature enables the eye to take in with perfect ease the nearest object with the most distant; we look in vain for careful, yet simple, handling, and power without exaggeration.

However, we must note a few of the better or more pre-tending works in the exhibition.

"A calm after a heavy gale off Bury Head," and a "Landscape, with Death and the Old Man," are by Mr. Danby. Of the two we much prefer the latter, which has a meaning, is carefully painted, and harmoniously coloured, though somewhat too *ghostly* for our taste. The former is very blue, and somewhat pink; more blue than we suspect was ever espied off Bury Head. Yet the picture has but just missed success.

"Snowdon," by the younger Danby, is morbidly green and yellow, but redeemed in a degree by a certain breadth and harmony of intention.

Mr. Lance has two pictures from the Vernon collection, among the best in the present exhibition; wonderfully forcible, correct and *literal*, but they make one think too quickly how much pains the artist must have bestowed on their production.

"Suspicion," by Mr. Uwins, consists of four very distinct features; one young man, red; one young lady, white; one old duenna, black; and one sky, blue. The anatomy of the young gentleman, who is playing the harp, sorely puzzles us. We wish all painters of figures were obliged to append to their pictures an outline of the *bones* of the personages they represent, that we might know whether the postures were possible, or whether the individuals were merely a little deformed.

Sir George Hayter, besides his large House of Commons picture, has another historical painting of much merit, "Joseph interpreting the Dreams of Pharaoh's Butler and Baker." The baker is excellent; his mingled surprise and horror at the tidings he hears, speak in every lineament and every limb, without either exaggeration of form or of countenance. The other two figures are less successful; the butler is tame, and Joseph looks as if he was talking with his fingers to a deaf man. Wisely, or unwisely, the artist has not attempted to preserve the peculiar Egyptian physiognomy. Sir George has also another picture of Italian peasant-life.

Copley Fielding cannot paint a bad picture, but he cannot paint an *oil* one. His works in this exhibition have all the peculiarities of water-colour handling on canvass; the lights look as if they were rubbed out; and the paintings on the whole have the defects of the water vehicle, without its transparency and spirit.

"The Last Gleam before the Storm," by Mr. Linnell, is a striking example of the effect of looking *at* nature, instead of feeling *with* her. Every individual "effect" is rigidly rendered, but the whole is overdone and inexpressive. It looks uncomfortable, but has none of the awe-inspiring power of the real scene.

Holland's "Grand Canal, Venice," is a piece of Turnerism; so is Pyne's "Sbaiths, Yorkshire Coast." "The Wounded Hound," "The Bugged Pony," and others, are *after*, not *by* Landseer. In like manner many other pictures are after Stanfield, always excepting Mr. Stanfield's own painting in this collection, which is as unlike himself as can well be imagined. Like Copley Fielding, Stanfield cannot paint a bad picture, but he is evidently not at home in the state of the atmosphere which he has attempted to portray in the "Saw-Mill at Saerdam."

"Lorenzo and Jessica" is a forcible work, though a little over-coloured. The lovers look, however, as if they were watching the flight of a hawk, instead of contemplating the stars. When will English painters learn, that before painting an idea they must first conceive and comprehend it?

Among more successful works, we may name Boddington's "Country Ale-House" and "Summer," Brooks' "Road-side Inn," Wingfield's "Windermere," Sidney Cooper's "River Scene," Goodall's "Pilgrims," Tennant's "Symond's

Yatt," Robins' "Scene on the Thames," Creswick's "Afternoon in Autumn," Cobbett's "Confluence of the Rivers Conway and Llugwy," and Maguire's clever little figure, "The New Boy."

In Mr. Linton's "Palace of Ogni Anna," the building is bold, broad, and life-like; the water very solid. Another pleasing work is Stanley's "Helmsley Castle." Cooke's "Dumbarton" has a true windy, airy look. Mr. Abraham's "Lear in a Storm" was surely painted in a tempest. And as to the rest of the historical pictures, of most of them the less that is said the better. A very pretty specimen of sentimentalism, without a glimpse of sentiment, is Mr. Sant's unintelligible "Light of the Cross."

More we cannot particularise. The same faults pervade three out of four on all sides. Exaggeration; spottiness; dry, cold imitation of the outside of nature; transcripts of other painters' styles; clouds a vast deal nearer the eye than the objects of the foreground: such are the common faults, in the midst of much painstaking, and much mechanical cleverness.

ART-MANUFACTURES.

Two statuettes of "Praying Children" have just been added to Felix Summerley's collection of art-manufactures. They are designed by Bell; and like every thing that comes from that sculptor's chisel, are full of sentiment and refined expression. His figure of Una and the Lion, in the same series, has been seen already by every body. The "Dorothen" (Don Quixote's Dorothea) is not yet quite as well known. We prefer it ourselves to the Una: it is as sweet and naïve a little figure as modern artist has yet produced; the posture graceful, without formality; the dress quaint, but not unnatural; the countenance modest, but speaking.

Another and a very spirited figure in the same collection is Townsend's "Infant Neptune," the most superb *saltcellar* that ever graced a banquet.

These are the most ambitious of the "Art-Manufactures." Others, more simply useful in aim, but, in their way, with little less beauty, are John Bell's silver fish-knife and fork. On the blade are engraved boys spiking an eel and landing a trout; on the handle is a boy-fisherman hauling his net. This we think one of the most successful of the *utilities* of the series. Horsley's "Vintagers," a set of decanter-stoppers, in silver or plated metals, are lively and pretty figures; whether they would be as convenient as pretty, use only could tell.

Recently brought out is Redgrave's water-jug, or vase. It is of clear glass, very simple and graceful in outline, and useful in form, and enamelled with the green leaves and white flowers of water-plants. We never saw water look so temptingly, when not sparkling in its own natural fountain, as in this elegant little work.

"The Bride's Inkstand" by Bell, and Townsend's "Water-Jug," have been admired by all who look into shop-windows, or read advertisements in Art-periodicals. The woodcuts, however, by no means give the real beauty of the manufactures themselves. Then, besides these, we have paper-knives, bread-plates, salad-spoons, paper-weights, and other odds and ends, clever and original, and well executed. A shaving-pot, with bearded and beardless heroes, a tea-pot, and a host more such, are also promised, to tempt people to buy; and in all sorts of materials, to suit the purses of the rich and the economical.

On the whole, we regard the collection as unquestionably successful, and as likely to lead to much that is still better. If it were only for having engaged such men as Bell, Cope, Creswick, Herbert, Horsley, Mulready, Redgrave, and Townsend, to devote some little of their thoughts to aid in the work, Felix Summerley would deserve the thanks of every lover of art. We only trust that every artist who lends his aid will bear in mind the great principle of all art, and remember that as truth is the essential element of poetry, so utility is the first element of beauty.

Documents.

DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS WITH ROME.

THE following is the Bill introduced into the House of Peers by the Marquis of Lansdowne, entitled "An Act for enabling

her Majesty to establish diplomatic relations with the Court of Rome."

"Whereas, by an act passed in the first year of the reign of their late Majesties King William and Queen Mary, intituled 'An Act declaring the rights and liberties of the subject, and settling the succession of the Crown,' it was, among other things, enacted, that all and every person and persons who was, were, or should be reconciled to or should hold communion with the See or Church of Rome, or should profess the Popish religion, or marry a Papist, should be excluded, and be for ever incapable to inherit, possess, or enjoy, the crown and government of this realm and Ireland, and the dominions thereunto belonging, or any part of the same, or to have, use, or exercise any regal power, authority, or jurisdiction within the same; and in all and every such case the people of these realms should be and were thereby absolved of their allegiance; and that the said crown and government should from time to time descend to and be enjoyed by such person and persons, being Protestants, as should have inherited the same in case the said person or persons so reconciled or holding communion, or professing, or marrying, as aforesaid, were naturally dead. And whereas, by another act passed in the session of Parliament holden in the twelfth and thirteenth years of the reign of his late Majesty King William III., intituled 'An Act for the further limitation of the Crown, and better securing the rights and liberties of the subject,' it was, amongst other things, enacted, that all and every person who should or might take or inherit the crown by virtue of the limitation of that act, and was, were, or should be reconciled to or hold communion with the See or Church of Rome, or should profess the Popish religion, or should marry a Papist, should be subject to such incapacities as in such case or cases were by the said act of the first year of King William and Queen Mary provided, enacted, and established. And whereas it is expedient that her Majesty should be enabled to establish diplomatic relations with the court of Rome; be it therefore declared and enacted by the Queen's most excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords spiritual and temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by authority of the same, that, notwithstanding any thing contained in the said recited acts, or either of them, or in any other act or acts now in force, it shall and is hereby declared to be lawful for her Majesty, her heirs and successors, from time to time, whensoever it shall seem fit to her or them, to appoint and accredit to and employ at the court of Rome any ambassador, envoy extraordinary, minister plenipotentiary, or other diplomatic agent or agents whatsoever, and from time to time, at her or their pleasure, to revoke and determine any such appointment and employment, and also from time to time to receive at the court of London any ambassador, envoy extraordinary, minister plenipotentiary, or other diplomatic agent or agents whatsoever of and accredited by the Sovereign Pontiff; and that all ambassadors, envoys extraordinary, ministers plenipotentiary, and other diplomatic agents, so respectively appointed, accredited, employed, and received as aforesaid, shall respectively have and enjoy such and the same rights, privileges, and immunities, as are now by law, usage, or otherwise, had and enjoyed by any other ambassador, envoy extraordinary, minister plenipotentiary, or other diplomatic agent or agents, accredited by her Majesty to any foreign Power, or by any foreign Power to the court of London."

THE NEW SARDINIAN CONSTITUTION.

Royal Decree.

CHARLES ALBERT, by the grace of God King of Sardinia, Cyprus, and Jerusalem, Duke of Savoy, Genoa, Montferrato, &c., Prince of Piedmont and Oneglia, Marquis of Italy, &c., Count of Moriana, Geneva, Nice, &c., Baron of Vaud and Fancigny, Lord of Vercelli, &c.

The people, whom, by the will of Divine Providence, we have governed for seventeen years with the love of a father, have always understood our affection as we in like manner have sought to comprehend their necessities; and it has always been our intention that the prince and the nation should be united by the closest ties for the common good of the country.

Of this union, now more solid, we have had most consolatory proofs in the sentiments with which our subjects received the recent reforms, which our wish for their felicity had counselled us to effect for the purpose of ameliorating the various branches of government, and initiating them into the discussion of public affairs.

Now, therefore, that the times are ripe for greater things, and in the midst of the changes which have occurred in Italy, we hesitate no longer to give them the most solemn proof that we are able to give, of the faith which we continue to repose in their devotion and discretion.

Prepared in tranquillity, the political institutions which will form the completion of the reforms which we have already effected are being matured in our council, and will consolidate

the benefit in a manner conformable with the state of the country.

But for the present we have much pleasure in declaring that, with the advice and approval of our ministers and the principal advisers of our Crown, we have resolved and determined to adopt the following bases of a fundamental statute, for the establishment in our states of a complete system of representative government.

Art. 1. The Catholic, apostolic, and Roman religion is the sole religion of the state. The other forms of public worship at present existing are tolerated in conformity with the laws.

Art. 2. The person of the Sovereign is sacred and inviolable. His ministers are responsible.

Art. 3. To the King alone appertains the executive power. He is the supreme head of the state. He commands all the forces, both naval and military; declares war; concludes treaties of peace, alliance, and commerce; nominates to all offices; and gives all the necessary orders for the execution of the laws, without suspending or dispensing with the observance thereof.

Art. 4. The King alone sanctions and promulgates the laws.

Art. 5. All justice emanates from the King, and is administered in his name. He may grant mercy and commute punishment.

Art. 6. The legislative power will be collectively exercised by the King and by two Chambers.

Art. 7. The first of these Chambers will be composed of members nominated by the King for life; the second will be elective, on the basis of the census to be determined.

Art. 8. The proposal of laws will appertain to the King and to each of the Chambers, but with the distinct understanding that all laws imposing taxes must originate in the elective Chamber.

Art. 9. The King convokes the two Chambers annually, prorogues their sessions, and may dissolve the elective one; but in this case he will convoke a new assembly at the expiration of four months.

Art. 10. No tax may be imposed or levied if not assented to by the Chambers and sanctioned by the King.

Art. 11. The press will be free, but subject to repressive laws.

Art. 12. Individual liberty will be guaranteed.

Art. 13. The judges, with the exception of those of *mandamento*, will be irremovable, after having exercised their functions for a certain space of time, to be hereafter determined.

Art. 14. We reserve to ourselves the power of establishing a district militia (*una milizia comunale*), composed of persons who may pay a rate which will be fixed upon hereafter. This militia will be placed under the command of the administrative authority and in dependence on the Minister of the Interior. The King will have the power of suspending or dissolving it in places where he may deem it opportune so to do.

The fundamental statute which is about to be prepared by our command, in conformity with these bases, will be put in force when the new organisation of the communal administrations shall have been carried into effect.

Whilst we thus provide for the highest emergencies of political order, we are unwilling to defer any longer the accomplishment of a desire which we have cherished for some time—namely, that of reducing the price of salt to 30 centimes per kilogramme from the 1st of July next ensuing, principally for the benefit of the poorer classes of society, persuaded, as we are, that we shall find amongst the wealthier that compensation for the public treasury which the necessities of the state require.

May Almighty God protect the new era which is dawning upon our subjects, and meanwhile, until they can enjoy the greater liberty acquired, of which they are, and will be, worthy, we expect from them a rigorous observance of the laws in actual force, and the maintenance of that imperturbable tranquillity so necessary for the consummation of the work of the internal organisation of the state.

Given at our palace in Turin, this 8th day of February, in the year of grace, 1848. CHARLES ALBERT.

PROCLAMATION

ISSUED BY THE MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES OF ROME, ON OCCASION OF THE TRIUMPH OF THE POPULAR CAUSE AT NAPLES.

The Senate to the Roman People.

THE great event which has put an end in a neighbouring kingdom to the horrors of civil war and to the agitation which was extending over the whole peninsula, has produced a lively impression, and all hearts have rejoiced at the pacification of that fine and important portion of Italy. Romans, to your august Sovereign are principally due the fortunate results which, one after the other, have brought about an agreement between the people and their rulers by a system of civil progress, and which dried so many tears and saved so much bloodshed.

The demonstration of joy on account of such events must be general, both as a congratulation for the happy fate of our brethren, and an act of gratitude towards him who was the

first spontaneously to grant reforms conformable to the wishes and hopes of the people. Those reforms shall be more stable than those rendered necessary elsewhere by the force of peculiar circumstances. Ours shall be improved by our high-minded Sovereign, and remain as eternal as his name.

The Senate invites you to celebrate on the 3d the pacification of the kingdom of Naples by a general illumination.

Given at the Capitol on the 1st of February, 1848.

(Signed) TOMMASO CORSINI, Senator.
 MARC ANTONIO BORGHESE,
 F. A. DORIA,
 C. LAVAL DELLA FARGNA,
 C. ARMELLINI,
 V. COLONNA,
 F. STURBINETTI,
 A. BIANCHINI,
 O. SCARAMUCCI,

Councillors.

Miscellaneous.

POPULAR COLLEGES.

[From the Westminster Review for Jan. 1848.]

WE have been very superficial observers of the tendencies of English society, if we have omitted to notice the bias of the artisan population to extreme political opinions. We think it is Guicciardini who said, that it was 'a sure omen of the revolutionary spirit, when the peasantry have been driven, by long hereditary injustice and neglect, to study the fundamental principles of society, and to bring the artificial institutions of antiquity to a rigorous ordeal of common sense and unsophisticated and injured hearts.' Great Britain has for ages been debating in her Parliament on the condition and prospects of nearly all classes of mankind, except those of the growers of her corn and the founders of her industry. The Bechuanas, the Caffres, the Moors, the Affghans, the Creoles, the Greenlanders, the Mohawks, the Gondoliers, the Polish Refugees, the Hybrids of Canada, the Thugs and the Mamelukes, the wild Celt and the untameable Gael, have all successively drawn forth the eloquence or the applause of St. Stephen's; while, until very recently, it appears never to have occurred to our senators, that a process was going forward in every tavern and smithy of the country, that would in a few years put all our institutions into jeopardy, and go nigh to the forfeiture of that glorious estate which our forefathers won, and Providence has so long preserved to us. Such is the *present* crisis of the national fortunes! Over millions of the working classes, several of the lamp-post orators that we could name wield an influence far greater than that of the Throne and the Parliament. Not the parochial churches, but the lowly Ranters' chapels, or those of the other unendowed and often letterless sectaries, win the very small church-going portion of the operatives of England. The laws are submitted to rather than approved; the other institutions are tolerated, instead of exciting admiration and gratitude. Capital is regarded as the robber of labour, instead of its patron and brother. Parochial relief is no longer dreaded as a badge. The police are treated as spies, instead of being supported as defenders. Classes are in hostile array. The religious sects are at the red-heat of the feud warfare. The tavern has become the Englishman's half-home; secret orders are on the increase; and meanwhile the great majority of England's workmen can neither read these pages with profitable facility, nor write an ordinary letter of business, with the least regard to the proprieties of expression, or the laws of grammar. No wonder that crime has outsped the proportion of population by a fearful ratio; and that we are now expending nine millions a year to defend society from its own hands! Fearful indeed are the laws of retribution; and we can no longer conceal from ourselves that this alarming state of the masses is the natural and just result of their abandonment, for ages, to every influence that could paralyse, obdurate, mislead, and stultify their body and soul.

No one competent to judge will suspect these sentences of calumnious misrepresentation. If, however, there be readers who doubt our statements, let them, at random almost, set themselves to collect evidence on the subject. The clergy will inform such as hold a higher estimate of the mental condition of our operatives, that their congregations consist almost entirely of the *middle* classes. From the pawnbroker they may learn to how great an extent the plagues of poverty and crime, reproducing each other, have penetrated into the body of the people; a very large proportion of whose Bibles, Sunday clothes, wedding-rings, and those humble trinkets that keep alive some taste in the cottage, are in constant pledge. The brewers can attest that their vats are kept in profitable activity, by the hordes that live within a week's labour of starvation. The gin-palaces derive their flaunting finery, the tilburies of their proprietors, their pretty barmaids and smart waiters, from the multitudes who quaff their matutinal liquid-fire with the price of their children's breakfast, or their wives' garments.

The venders of pestiferous publications can inform our evidence-seekers, that the vilest trash that ever braves decency in print, all goes to the cottages, taverns, club-haunts, and shops of the poor. At the police-station they may also learn that an educated disorderly is scarcely one per cent of the prisoners. The vagrant mountebanks, and the itinerant performers at the public taverns, or semi-brothel and semi-beer house, all look to impoverished indigence for their rewards. This is not the case only in the wedged purlieus of Glasgow, London, and Birmingham, but in all the lesser towns, and even in most of the villages. Sunday has ceased to be a day of becoming rest; church-holidays have given place to cheap trips and railway tours; to support the gratification of which, hundreds of working men borrow money from clubs, where Mammon's cormorants sit at the taverns nightly to feed on the vitals of those bookless artisans, who first borrow from one club to take their pastime, and then from another to defend themselves from the talons of the former, and perhaps from a third; whose loans go in drink to work up courage to schedule and drown the memory of the past! And it is not too much to say, that the majority of the working classes of this country are in a more generally degraded state than the Flat-heads of the prairie, or the recently extinguished Mandans, the freebooters of Port Natal, or those stunted outcasts of the human race in New Zealand. Honour, truth, justice, and gratitude would, at all events, be found among the latter, to a ratio fully as great as would be obtained from by no means the worst selections from the mine, the loom, or the wheel.

Now this degraded population, hitherto of easy management, and therefore of comparatively little *political* importance, is acquiring, at an immensely rapid rate, such a portion of the political power of the country, as, coupled with its previous command of the physical force, will, at no distant period, give the real mastery of England to the violent part of the working classes and their representatives. We are not opposed to their acquisition, so long as it comes of fair play, of the political power of the artisans; but we were not willing to precipitate such acquisition, in the absence of their educational fitness, by extending the franchise unduly. Now, however, whether that be extended or not, it is quite clear that the working classes are obtaining the power inevitably, and in more ways than they seem themselves to be aware. Take an instance. Through the provisions of the Municipal Act, the majority of the corporations of the larger, and perhaps of the smaller towns, are really in the power of the operatives. By this law, on the 1st of November last, the Chartists of Sheffield are said to have ousted the re-electible portion of the town-council, and placed nine partisans of their own in the corporation! What was done in Sheffield has no doubt been done elsewhere, or will be done in November 1848. What is to hinder the growth of this power? Nothing but a change in the feelings and political views of the operative population. All that is now in action *tends to politicise the artisan mind*; and nothing can neutralise that state but the introduction of better tastes and higher aims. Let us look seventy years forward in the history of the country! What will be the condition of England, if the leading corporations, with their inevitable local influence, power of taxation, connexion with the courts of civil justice, the town charities, and the parliamentary representation, be wielded by the uneducated classes? What in that case awaits us but a smothered servile war with all the older and more potent interests of Great Britain? Now all this is *avertible* calamity.

The People's College is an institution for the education of the people, in the sixth year of its operation in Sheffield. It owes its existence to the Rev. R. S. Bayley, F.S.A., its principal, to whose energy and self-denial it is attributable that it has not met the early grave which has swallowed so many institutions of a popular nature. Its main classes are for the adults of the operative and middle ranks of both sexes, before and after the hours of their daily labour. The morning classes assemble at half-past six, the evening classes at seven. How much may be accomplished at these hours, and at the cost of but a few pence, under judicious direction, without the abstraction of a moment from the ordinary duties of labour, may be judged of from the following syllabus of a late public examination; Lord Fitzwilliam and his chaplain were present subsequently, at a similar private examination, and were as much astonished as gratified with what they witnessed.

"Order of the Classes.

MATHEMATICS.—Definitions of a straight line, of a curve, a point, a square, a circle, an acute angle, an obtuse, an arc, a segment, a diameter, a right angle, a parallelogram, a scalene, an isosceles, a right-angled triangle, a rhombus, a rhomboid, a trapezium, a sector, &c.

The axioms on which mathematical science is founded; uses, Demonstrations of any of the following problems of Euclid:

Book I.—p. 5, 7, 12, 16, 21, 22, 26, 30, 32, 35, 42, 44, 47.

II.—p. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, 13, 15, 16.

III.—p. 1, 4, 7, 8, 11, 13, 14, 22, 25, 26, 27, 33, 35, 36, 37.

SENIOR LATIN CLASS.—The 7th Eclogue of Virgil, to be translated, parsed, and scanned. The same course adopted with the *Carmen Seculare* of Horace, archæological questions, grammar, exercises, and written translations.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR.—General questions on the nature of language and of its laws; definitions of the following terms—grammar, orthography, parts of speech, declension, conjugation, case, mood, tense, active, passive, neuter, noun, pronoun, &c.; syntax, parsing, prosody, concord, government, person, gender, number, relative, irregular, comparative, objective, nominative, &c.; to parse Shakspeare's apostrophe to sleep, and some passage *ad aperturam libri*.

HISTORY CLASS will be examined on IRELAND.—Situation, climate, extent, the first inhabitants, early state of the island, language; the Phœnician and Irish traditions; early Christians; St. Patrick; the controversy of Whittaker and Macpherson; first invasion by Henry II.; Strongbow; Irish chieftains; first success; disasters; Strongbow's recall; the war of the natives; new emigrants; lords of the Pale; state in the Reformation; during Elizabeth; Raleigh; Poyning's Act; Tyrone rebellion; confiscations under James and Charles I.; Strafford; the massacre of 1641; state of under Cromwell; James II.; battles; William III.; the Pretender; invasion by France; rebellion of 1798; the Union; subsequent history; remarks.

MORAL-KNOWLEDGE CLASS.—Evidences of Christianity, what evidence is, and Christianity; importance of perfect proof, its sources, and kinds; character of Jesus Christ, his miracles, resurrection; character of the apostles, their success, the opponents, with learning, caste; political laws, commerce, slavery; Judaism; idolatry, its kinds; severe tests of the first Christians; benignant influence of Christian truth, its adaptation to all times and natures; its sanction of civil and domestic life, favours intellectual development, survives through all forms of society; Christian character formed by the highest standard; its independence of poverty, sorrow, health, and even of liberty; argument from prophecy, and the state of the arts.

THE LANGUAGE CLASS will explain from what sources the English language is derived, in what proportions; how words are constituted, prefixes and affixes, their sources, powers, and importance; philosophy of the prepositions; Anglo-Saxon and Latinised style; authors in both kinds; the words of the Lord's Prayer; 1st chap. of St. John's Gospel, and 15th chap. of the 1st Ep. of Cor.; specimens of classification of words; derivation of a passage from the P. C. Reading book.

COMPOSITION CLASS will produce a number of essays written by the students; definition of various terms; difficulties; what necessary to success in composition; what the characteristics of a good style; defects; method of producing materials, and the order of writing; metaphorical language; criticism, rules for; examen of the style of Franklin, Swift, Cobbett, Burke, Burns, Addison, Johnson, and Scott.

THE GREEK CLASS will construe, parse, and translate the 6th chap. of St. John's Gospel, and Solon's interview with Croesus, also to explain the difference between the Greek and the Latin verb.

THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Scotland; boundaries; various names; geological character; mountains; lowlands; lakes; rivers; canals; counties; chief towns; memorable localities; capes; islands; animal and vegetable productions; population; meteorology; latitude; seaports; commerce and agriculture; manners; literature; education; religion; music; antiquities; statistics; crime, &c.

THE LOGIC CLASS.—Terms to be defined; what meant by the science; first authors; character of Greek logic; its defects; causes of its decline; Socratic system; inductive method; requisites to this study; uses; books; distribution of the subject; construct syllogisms; obstacles; state defects; what fallacies; their sources, kinds, and remedies; Latin terms used in logic; the *à priori* and *à posteriori* argument; logical character of Bacon, Franklin, Locke, Hume, &c.; habits promoted by this study; comparison with mathematics.

ARITHMETIC CLASS.—Define arithmetic; number; unit; difference in value; extrinsic; intrinsic; the cipher; notation; numeration; signs; mental arithmetic; the four principal rules, with their various signs and methods; simple and compound quantities; reduction, its nature; proportion direct, inverse, and compound; fractions, what; the numerator, denominator, &c.

THE SECOND LATIN CLASS.—To parse, construe, and translate the life of Themistocles, by C. Nepos; written translations and exercises, with the 15 early rules of syntax; the rules of gender, and the irregular verbs.

THE COMMERCIAL CLASS.—To be examined in book-keeping; what is meant; its uses; its connexion with arith-

metic; the various books and methods; single and double entry; waste book; orders in, out; ledger, debtor, creditor; balance; discount; interest; gross and net price; stock; sales; letters; bills; acceptance; profit, &c.

THE THIRD LATIN CLASS will read the first 16 pages of Valpy's Latin Delectus; a written translation; parsing; exercises; the grammar to the 10th rule of syntax, as arranged in the 'People's College Latin Grammar.'

Besides the above, the French, the German, and the singing classes will be examined by their respective teachers. The other classes of the People's College will not be examined on this occasion.

We learn, that of the more than 1800 young persons who have received educational help at the People's College, four or five young women are now filling important situations as teachers; two or three young men are also acting as school-masters; one young man is now studying at Airdale College for the Dissenting pulpit, another is at one of the Wesleyan Institutes for a similar purpose, and a third is preparing for Cambridge; while we have several of Mr. Bayley's students in London in important stations (one at the London University), two are much more advantageously settled in America than they would have been but for the People's College; and another is one of the rising railway-engineers.

Now if one man can do so much on this plan, why cannot we have popular colleges of this description wherever there is a sufficient population? True, we cannot find enthusiastic advocates like Mr. Bayley everywhere; but if the government will apply its strong-armed wisdom to the subject, the honour and employment will soon produce the adequate directors of the movement. Actuated by the Sheffield example, Nottingham has already a People's College, founded by private munificence; and if the voluntary principle can, in all other cases, accomplish the object, let it at once proceed to the work; till, however, it better supports its present operations, we shall despair of seeing this desideratum.

Mr. Bayley has published five Class Text-books, at a shilling each, to come within the reach of his poor students; and printed a large number of tablets, as wall-lessons, of great value, for the use of his classes, in almost every department in which this institution gives instruction. This of itself we consider of great importance, as the kind of apparatus of which all our schools much stand in need. We can bear witness to the general superiority and great utility of these school-tablets, and regret that, for want of funds—that canker of all noble ideas—they have not been published for general use. How many a retired tradesman, or unofficed gentleman about town have we, whose only anxiety is, "where shall I bestow my goods," whose life [instead of being] a mere series of sad shifts, between the violent pleasures that money buys, and that mockeries (?) stillness of savannah existence where every thing is green and flowery, but nothing healthy, might be useful in a People's College.

How many such gentlemen and ladies, without "next of kin," have we, who, by the expenditure of 400*l.* or 500*l.* yearly, for five or seven years, would at once rescue themselves from the ignoble *otium* of a self-loathing gentility; and by attaching themselves to the new and ennobling idea of a Popular College, in some destitute district, would also purchase a cheap and an honourable niche among England's benefactors, and lay all society under obligation to this wisely expended pittance in the cause of the poor. In the absence of ground for appeal to the higher principles, we ask, is there no such man among our readers, burning with the thought,

"What shall I do to be for ever known?"

who is willing to become the William de Wykeham of some necessitous locality, where his name, hitherto obscure, would be held in more than canonising remembrance, and his example cheer and rescue many a family from the perils of tempted virtue, and perhaps some genius, bred and cherished by poverty and its sorrows, who shall more than repay the founder's munificence?

To some of our readers it will appear to be a better counteraction of the tavern and jerry-shop amusements, by introducing a sufficient quantity of really superior recreation into our popular colleges, when we have established them, and similar institutions. Truly. But here again we are encumbered with the sectarian animosity. What the Episcopalian or Catholic member of committee might consider a *minus* quantity of amusement, the Independent or Wesleyan might regard as the *plus*; and even demur to the safety of introducing any at all. But if scholastic committees should be fortunate enough to obtain unanimity for the introduction of amusements as a necessary part of the agency of an educate establishment, it would be too much to hope that they would not come into fierce collision, when it came to be debated what pastimes should be allowed. Cricket might comport even with a clergyman's gravity. We have seen good preachers, and better Christians, at

football, with some of the younger portions of their auditory ; and have never heard of any accruent evil, unless it were the acrid hypercriticism of polemic antagonists. Job Orton, and Dr. Doddridge, and we believe Dr. Watts too, all played at dice and cards ; and John Calvin was wont to practice bowling at the green in Geneva, and even on Sunday ! The Book of Sports was a memorable eyesore to the Puritans ; but meanly as we think of the authors of that measure, we believe that many good men whose names England will not "willingly let die," not only read the *licet* for such recreations with good faith, but took their own pastime too, without "conscience of the offence." Quoits, backgammon, chess, draughts, cribbage, sword-exercise, archery, and a number of similar recreations, in our judgment, are all legitimately admissible to the lounge department of a scholastic institution for adult students ; while to such places, we think, a coffee and a news-room should be also attached. The difficulty is, funds and room enough for their performance ; and for such things, we are persuaded, nothing but government, or a local tax, would be found sufficient.

PROTESTANT RAYAHS IN TURKEY.

[From the Guardian.]

THE Turkish government has recently adopted an arrangement with reference to its Christian subjects, which will materially affect the position of the various Churches and sects in the East, and their relation to European authorities, both secular and spiritual.

It should be premised, that the term Rayah is used to designate subjects of the Sultan, and is equivalent to the word Ryot used in India.

Christian Rayahs have hitherto had no protection against insult or injury, unless they belonged to some recognised Christian community, for which the shelter of some friendly power, respected by the Divan, could be invoked through diplomatic agents ; and this *jus patronatus* appears to have been a fertile source of intrigue and sinister influence among the various European powers.

The nature of the arrangement to which we allude will be gathered from the following extract from a private letter, dated Constantinople, and the subjoined remarks, with which we have been favoured by a correspondent :

"Constantinople, Dec. 15.—The Turks have recognised the Rayah Protestants as a community ; but with their usual comical ideas, they have given them the Ihtissar Naziri, or head exciseman, as a chief. *C'est égal*—the chief of the ordnance is chief also of the religious community of Latin Rayahs."

"The Latin Rayahs," adds our correspondent, "under which name are included all Christians who acknowledge the Pope as their religious head (whether of the Greek or Armenian stock, Maronite or Syrian), are considered to be under the official protection of the French embassy at Constantinople, to which they are in the habit of applying in cases in which they are, or think themselves aggrieved, as *Latins*, by the local authorities. In this respect, the French agents act the part of civil Popes on a small scale. Pio Nono seems inclined to save them this trouble for the future, and, it is said, is negotiating a concordat with the Padischah, the effect of which will be, to transfer to the Roman See the patronage of a large portion of Latin Turkish subjects, and in so far to annul the political influence of the French government, exercised through that medium till now. This is not likely to secure the good-will of the Most Christian King, the eldest son of the Church, to Pope Mastai.

"The Greek Rayahs, speaking of them ecclesiastically, not nationally, are, and will probably continue, under the protection and influence of Russia.

"The Protestant Rayahs will naturally turn their eyes to the English and Prussian embassies for protection—particularly if it be true, as I have heard from another source, which I believe to be equally authentic with the letter quoted above, that the Protestant Bishop at Jerusalem, Dr. Gobat, is to be considered and acknowledged by the Porte as their ecclesiastical head.

"The Protestant Rayahs now existing in the Turkish dominions are, as far as my knowledge extends, confined to those who have been driven out of the Armenian Orthodox Church, in consequence of their embracing the doctrines of missionaries chiefly from the United States of America.

"But it may be expected that the Druses of Mount Lebanon will take advantage of the concession to declare themselves Protestants, with a view to secure for themselves the powerful protection of England."

THE CHRISTCHURCH CHANCEL-SCREEN.—At a recent meeting of the Archaeological Institute, a letter was read from Mr. Ferry, the architect, respecting the screen at Christchurch,

Hants ; from which it appeared, that, notwithstanding Lord Malmesbury's refusal to entertain the representations of the Institute against the destruction of that curious relic, the committee for the repairs of the church were fully disposed to let it remain, and an estimate had been ordered of the expense of repairing it.

MORTALITY IN THE METROPOLIS.—The Registrar-General's weekly report continues to render an unfavourable account of the public health. The high mortality in London, which has ranged during the last month between 1400 and 1500 weekly, the readers of meteorological tables, as well as unscientific observers of the weather who are satisfied with their own experience, will readily attribute to the changeful state of the atmosphere. Other facts prove that this is not the whole truth ; but it is in part confirmed by the numerous deaths of aged persons, who are chiefly subject to the influence of the weather. The deaths registered in the week ending Feb. 5th, were 1478, and shew an excess above the winter average of 371. The children born in the same period were 1367 ; a number which leaves 111 places vacant, unless some of these are supplied by immigration from the country. The excess of deaths over births in the previous week was of precisely the same amount. One half of the mortality of last week was caused by two classes of disease—the epidemic, and diseases (exclusive of tubercular) which affect the respiratory organs. About 360 deaths are enumerated under each of the nosological divisions. Under the former, scarlet fever was fatal to 57 persons (all children) ; influenza to 50, principally old persons ; and typhus to 86 persons, principally middle-aged. The weekly average from fever in former years was 35. In the latter class of maladies, bronchitis continues to predominate, and shews a considerable increase on the last six weeks. Four deaths were from disease caused by intemperance, one from privation, and one from cold. The detailed accounts of three deaths in the previous week are sufficiently remarkable to be repeated here. A man, aged 27, died "from disease of the alimentary canal, produced by swallowing money-coin to escape detection." An unfortunate idiot, a young woman of 23, died of "fits from having eaten a quantity of yellow soap three days before her death ;" and a boy of nine years died in the London Hospital of "hydrophobia, how caused unknown."

A SANITARY FACT FROM EGYPT.—In ancient Egypt the plague was unknown. Although densely populated, the health of the inhabitants was preserved by strict attention to sanitary regulations. But with time came on change, and that change was in man. The serene climate, the enriching river, the fruitful soil remained ; but when the experience of 2000 years was set at nought,—when the precautions previously adopted for preserving the soil from accumulated impurities were neglected,—when the sepulchral rites of civilised Egypt were exchanged for the modern but barbarous practices of interment,—when the land of mummies became, as it now is, one vast charnel-house,—the seed which was sown brought forth its bitter fruit, and from dangerous innovations came the most deadly pestilence. The plague first appeared in Egypt in the year 542, two hundred years after the change had been made from the ancient to the modern mode of sepulture ; and every one at all acquainted with the actual condition of Egypt will at once recognise in the soil more than sufficient to account for the dreadful malady which constantly afflicts the people.—*Mr. Walker on the Metropolitan Graveyards.*

ROMA—MORA.—A correspondent of the *Daily News* gives the following amusing exemplification of the old anagram on the name of the Eternal City. "As an instance," says he, "of how much the god Terminus rules in Rome, and how little liable an established thing is to alteration, I can mention that not only the house and the baker's shop, but even the identical marble counter and the scales, are to be seen in full operation this week, just in the same state as they were when, over 300 years ago, Raphael's "Fornarina" sold penny rolls across that counter,—and a succession of bakers and baker-maidens has never ceased to officiate therein. The almost invisible inscription over the plinth of the door was carved by Raphael's own hand, *TRANSIT SYA QVEMQVE VOLVPTAS*. The family of Prince Massimo (our famous postmaster) have lived on the same spot where the Palazzo Massimo stands, in the Via dei Massimi, for the last 900 years ! When I was a student at the University here a quarter of a century ago (I am ashamed to own as much), I used to frequent with the other collegians a large establishment for dining in Via Condotti. There were ten waiters attending the various rooms twenty-five years ago,—and on looking into the concern the other day, I recognised eight of the ten still extant ! The two others waited there no longer, because—they were dead."

Correspondence.

WE have pleasure in inserting the following note from Professor Demmler, in reference to the opinion expressed in the RAMBLER on the changes of title made in the translations of some of Ranke's writings:

To the Editor of the Rambler.

Royal Military College, Sandhurst,
February 14th, 1848.

Sir,—Your valuable journal, in its number of January 29th, contains some remarks on my translation of Ranke's last work, to which the simplest reply is the fact that it has already been advertised in the *Morning Post*, the *Morning Herald*, the *Examiner*, and the *Athenæum*, under the original title of "Nine Books of Prussian History." I restored the latter as soon as I had understood, from a correspondence in the *Athenæum*, that the author had objected to its being altered. Whilst two English reviewers have urged that the original title should be preserved in the translation, I, as a foreigner, can no more plead my apprehension that it might be found un-English by a great part of the British public; and it only remains to me to assure you, that this restoration could not have been more agreeable to Professor Ranke's wishes than it was to my own.—I am, &c.

F. DEMMLER.

To Correspondents.

"C. D."—Declined, with thanks, the subject being scarcely suitable to our pages. We have already declined similar offers from other quarters. The ms. lies at the Publisher's.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

New Lithographic and Copperplate Press.

MR. BURNS begs respectfully to intimate that he has ESTABLISHED A PRESS for all kinds of LITHOGRAPHIC, COPPERPLATE, and WOODCUT PRINTING, and will be happy to undertake any Work, from the commonest to the finest, in these departments.

He pledges himself that every thing entrusted to him shall be executed with the utmost care and in the most tasteful manner, as well as on the most reasonable terms.

17 PORTMAN STREET, Feb. 12, 1848.

MR. BURNS takes this opportunity of stating that he has always on hand a variety of BOOKS in CATHOLIC THEOLOGY and DEVOTION, as well as in GENERAL LITERATURE; an extensive and varied Collection of JUVENILE WORKS; a large stock of SACRED PRINTS for FAMILIES, SCHOOLS, &c., of all Sizes, Singly and in Sheets, Plain and Coloured; the same, Mounted and Varnished, for hanging up, also in Frames of every description, Gilt, Antique, &c., a Variety of which may be seen at Mr. Burns' Rooms; a new SERIES of ILLUSTRATED BOOKS, combining Amusement and Instruction, adapted for Popular Reading; Complete Sets of the Stations, in several Sizes, suited for hanging up in Churches, Plain or Coloured; the most approved Theological and Devotional Works, in French, Italian, German, Spanish, &c.; Breviaries and Missals in all Sizes and Bindings. Catholic Ornaments, &c., of all kinds.

* * MR. BURNS having opened a Correspondence with the principal Continental houses, is enabled to execute all Foreign Orders with accuracy and despatch.

Price 12s. 6d. neatly done up in cloth,

Sanctioned by the Right Rev. Dr. WISEMAN, and dedicated, by permission, to Dr. LINGARD.

A MANUAL OF BRITISH and IRISH HISTORY; illustrated with Maps, Engravings, and Statistical, Chronological, and Genealogical Tables.

By the Rev. THOMAS FLANAGAN,
Professor at St. Mary's College, Oscott.

Published by T. Jones, 63 Paternoster Row, London; Bell (late Wrightson and Webb), New Street, Birmingham; Smith, Manchester; and James Duffy, Dublin.

Just published, the Third Edition of

THE STRANGER'S GUIDE at HIGH MASS.

In royal 18mo, stiff cloth cover, price Sixpence; or stiff paper cover, for gratuitous distribution, Thirty Shillings per Hundred; carriage free to all parts of England, if not less than one hundred.

"We cannot content ourselves with a simple recommendation of this book; we would desire to see it purchased extensively."—*The Tablet*, Sept. 25.

"An excellent compendium; every chapel should be provided with a few copies."—*Dolman's Magazine*.

London: published by J. Brown (late Keating and Brown),
10 Duke Street, Manchester Square.

This day is published, price 7s. 6d.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN in AMERICA.

By SARAH MYTTON MAURY,

Authoress of the "Statesmen of America in 1846," &c.

An Appendix contains the History of the Emigrant Surgeons' Bill.

London: Thomas Richardson and Son, 172 Fleet Street; 9 Capel Street, Dublin; and Derby. Liverpool: Geo. Smith, Watts, and Co.

This day is published, demy 8vo, price 1s.

STRICTURES on GRANTA; or, a Glimpse at the University of Cambridge.

By a GRADUATE.

London: Thomas Richardson and Son, 172 Fleet Street; 9 Capel Street, Dublin; and Derby.

ASSOCIATION OF ST. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY,
FOR THE VINDICATION OF CATHOLIC RIGHTS.

Patrons.

The Right Rev. Dr. Brown, V.A. of Wales.
The Right Rev. Dr. Wareing, V.A. E. D. England.

President.

The Right Hon. The Earl of Shrewsbury.

Vice-Presidents.

Henry Constable Maxwell, Esq.
Peter Constable Maxwell, Esq.
C. R. Scott Murray, Esq.
The Hon. Edward Petre.
The Hon. William Petre.
Ambrose Lisle Philipps, Esq.

Chairman of the General Committee.

The Right Hon. The Earl of Arundel and Surrey.

Deputy Chairman.

The Right Rev. Dr. William Morris, Bishop of Troy.

THIS Association was completely organised and commenced its operations during the month of December last, having from its very foundation proposed to the Catholics of this country the following points as objects for the attainment of which its Committee were pledged to use their continued and most strenuous exertions:

First, to obtain a total repeal of all Penal Laws relating to Catholics. Secondly, to obtain for Catholic Soldiers and Sailors, and the Catholic Poor in Workhouses, Chaplains of their own holy religion.

Thirdly, to obtain from Government the means of support for Catholic Chaplains attending Public Lunatic Asylums and Prisons.

Fourthly, to obtain for the Catholics of this country their just share of all grants voted by Parliament for the Public Education of the people.

Fifthly, for the protection of the Social and Political Interests of Catholics in general.

With regard to the first of these objects, the Committee have already had an opportunity of shewing the very great interest they take in its attainment by the support they have endeavoured to afford the promoters of the Catholic Relief Bill now before Parliament, in having prepared and forwarded a form of petition in its favour to all the parishes of Great Britain where there are Catholic congregations; thus enabling all our brethren to act in concert for the attainment of their right, and procuring in favour of this measure the support of all those Members of Parliament throughout Great Britain who are anxious to retain the good will of their Catholic constituents.

As to the second point to which the Committee have directed their attention, they may report, that they are now actively engaged in obtaining from the clergy who have charge of Catholic Soldiers in barracks correct information respecting their present condition, and the opportunities afforded them for attending to their religious duties. They most earnestly request all those who can give any information on this subject to put themselves in communication with their Secretary, in order that some definite system of improvement may be agreed upon and submitted to Government.

Their Sub-Committee for Workhouses and Prisons are also busily employing themselves in gaining information with a similar view. A case of singular danger to which some children born of Catholic parents are exposed, by reason of the interference, in matters connected with their religious education, of the Protestant authorities of the workhouse in which they are brought up, having been submitted by a priest in the country for the consideration of this Association, the Committee have put themselves into communication with the Poor-Law Commissioners on the subject, and are using their best endeavours to secure to these poor children those means of instruction in their holy religion, of which, in consequence of their destitute condition, they have been wickedly deprived.

The Committee considering that under present circumstances they are more likely to gain their fourth object by not bringing the subject prominently forward at this time, have refrained from directing public attention to it.

With reference to their fifth object, the Committee have to state, that they have felt it their duty to circulate petitions throughout the country against a Bill purporting to be "For the better administration of Catholic Charitable Trusts Property," now before the House of Commons; because they are assured that this Bill has failed to obtain the approval of the Bishops of the Catholic Church in this country; and because, on examining with care its several clauses, they have come to the deliberate conclusion that it is opposed to the spiritual and temporal interests of those chiefly concerned in such a measure. With a view of defeating this Bill, they have likewise printed their objections to it, in the form of a pamphlet, and sent a copy to each Member of Parliament.

The Committee are at present in communication with Government on the subject of a severe grievance of which a priest in the colonies has to complain. They think it prudent at present to abstain from giving particulars; and hope, for the future, to be able to report rather what they have succeeded in doing, than what they are only hoping to effect.

The Committee feel great confidence in appealing to Catholics generally for the support of a Society founded with objects such as the Association of St. Thomas of Canterbury now proposes to them.

Subscriptions to be addressed to the Treasurer, W. J. AMHERST, Esq., or to the Secretary, HENRY W. POWNALL, Esq., 1 A Adam Street, Strand, London.

Printed by George Levey, of Number 4 De Crespigny Terrace, Denmark Hill, in the County of Surrey; Printer, Charles Robson, of Number 56 Liverpool Street, King's Cross, in the County of Middlesex; Printer, and Francis Burdett Franklin, of Number 2 Claremont Square, Pentonville, in the County of Middlesex; Printer, at their Printing Office, Great New Street, Fetter Lane, in the Parish of Saint Bride, in the City of London; and published by JAMES BURNS, of Number 17 Portman Street, Portman Square, in the Parish of Saint Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex; Publisher, on Saturday, February 19, 1848. Sold also by JONES, Paternoster Row; and by all Booksellers and News-agents.